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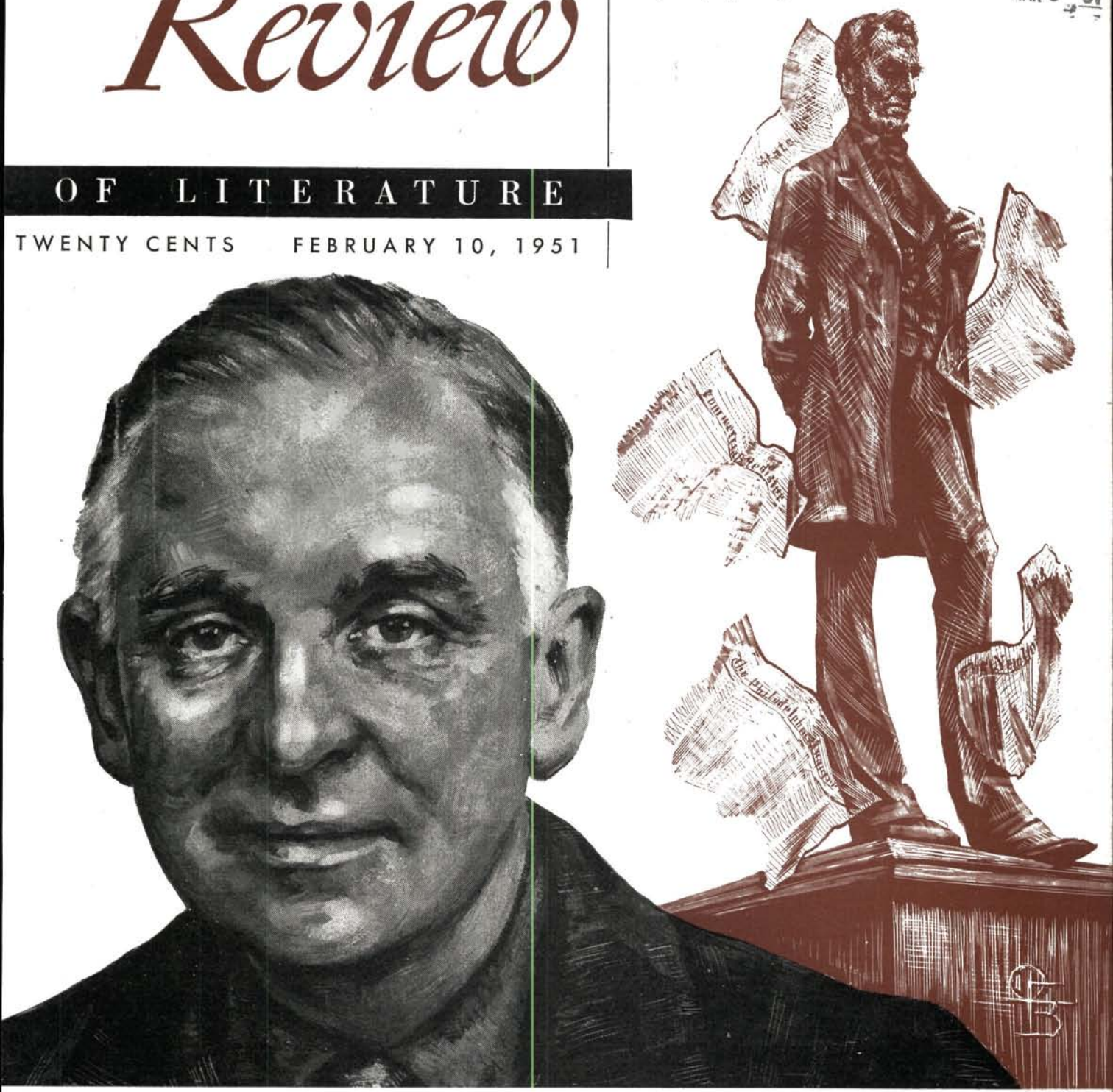

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Man Is the Measure

By LISTON POPE

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TRADE Winds

CHARLIE MARSHALL and Lew Miller, two of the most high-powered and successful sales managers in publishing today, were in their salad days rival book peddlers covering the same insignificant territory. Marshall remembers catching Miller one morning

dashing up and down a flight of stairs in their hotel as though his life depended on his activities. "What on earth are you up to now?" demanded Marshall. "Getting winded," explained Miller, "so the first account I call on will think I'm breathless with excitement over our spring list.". . . Years later, Marshall recalls, Miller had risen to a post where he hired other salesmen to cover small towns for the Doubleday organization. One applicant stated that reading had always been his consuming passion; that, in fact, he usually read a complete book every night before he went to sleep. He didn't look the type, so Miller pressed the quiz and asked, "I suppose you've read 'The Golden Bough'?" "Twice," declared the applicant. "Who wrote it?" snapped Miller. The applicant fingered his collar then replied, "To tell you the truth, Mr. Miller, I read books so fast, I haven't even got time to notice who writes them." He got the job. Miller explained, "Any man who can alibi himself that quickly deserves a thorough trial." I'd like to be able to finish this story by telling you that that man is today a governor, a bank president, or at least an "originating" Broadway gossip columnist. Unfortunately, he was caught a few months later cashing a worthless check and disappeared into limbo.

A SUPER-SALESMAN of 1951 in the direct Marshall-Miller tradition is Joe Consolino, trusted friend and adviser of every bookseller from Greenwich, Connecticut, north to the Maine border line. Joe will work as hard and faithfully to sell six assorted books to a struggling druggist in East Canaan as he will on a $3,000 order for Fox's in Hartford. Nor will the fact that today he is probably more richly endowed with the world's goods than 80 per cent of the publishers he represents prevent him from beginning his daily rounds as early as seven-thirty A. M. He explains that this often enables him to meet customers face to face—coming home from poker games. . . . One Maine bookseller resisted all Joe's blandishments this season when it came to ordering an expensive art portfolio. "Don't you want any of these beautiful books in your store?" asked Consolino finally. "Joe," the Maine man told him seriously "you must remember that in this part of the country, at any rate, every want ain't a need."

UP IN THE SAME LEAGUE with the Millers, Marshalls, Consolinos, and S. and S.'s Albert Leventhal, of course, is Harper's one-and-only Adam Burger, whose exploits I've sung so frequently in these columns. Adam recently received this note from Russell Lynes, the author of "Snobs": "Do authors ever thank the salesmen? It seems to me that your gang must have done a hell of a job with 'Snobs.' Naturally I'm grateful, and I hope you'll do me the favor of telling them so." A dazed Adam replied, "In close to fifty years these are the first 'flowers' we ever had. What hath God wrought!". . . Seriously, this little gesture of Russell Lynes's might give other authors some food for thought. The writers who are incessantly finding fault with every department in their publisher's organization may get satisfactory lip-service when they're within earshot, but they should get a load of what is said about them the moment they entrain for home. It's the author who remembers to bestow an occasional pat on the back—yes, by golly, even to the publisher himself—who gets the little extra things done for him that spell added sales and subsidiary rights.

"THIS IS AMERICA" is an imposing and original new Pocket Book, edited by the distinguished Newark journalist, Max Herzberg. It includes selections from Benét, Whittier, Dickinson, Sandburg, Hoover, Emerson, Lincoln, Jefferson, Whitman, Twain, FDR, and John K. Hutchens. . . . Bad news for Boston baseball fans: the aforementioned Mr. Hutchens picks the Red Sox again for 1951. The Sox front office certainly has made monkeys out of the Yank management in its trades again this winter, but so long as Joe Di Maggio, Phil Rizutto, Hank Bauer, and Yogi Berra still can hobble out on the playing field only a misguided Missoulan would have the temerity to bet against them a third time running. Even Harvey Breit, a virtual neophyte in the study of inside baseball, agrees with this point of view. . . . For an abrupt turnabout to the Department of Truly Amazing Prophecy, Lawrence Willson of Santa Barbara comes up with this direct quotation from a letter written by Henry Adams on March 22, 1903 (it is reprinted in his collected letters, volume two, page 402):

> My statesmanship is still all in China, where the last struggle for power is to come. China is bound to go all to pieces, and every year is a long step to the bad. The only country now on the spot is Russia, and if Russia organizes China as an economical power the little drama of history will end in the overthrow of our clumsy Western civilization. We can never compete with Asia. . . . In that event I allow until 1950 to run our race out.

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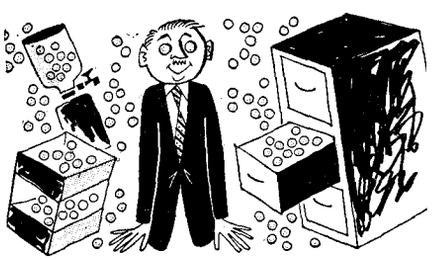

with personally signed greetings from each employee taped thereto. . . . Irving Hoffman tells about a literary agent who threw his draft board into utter confusion when he took his eye examination. It appears he couldn't read the great big letter at the top of the chart, but rattled off the ones in tiny print at the bottom without the slightest difficulty. . . . Kyle Crichton insists that the lecherous critic in his forthcoming novel "George Whigham" (Crown) is based on no actual critic —or combination of critics—extant. . . . It's the opinion of one not-easily-shocked reader in New York that Maude Hutchins's "A Diary of Love" is a prevue of sensational chapters in the forthcoming Kinsey report on female sex behavior. . . . Additional nominations for Ben

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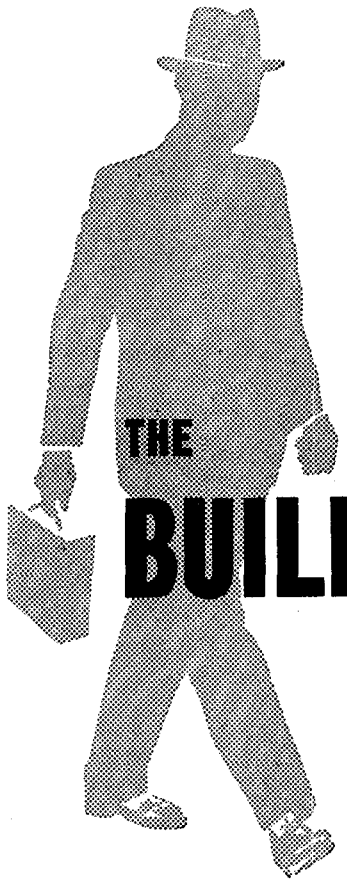
Huebsch's Beer-of-the-Month Club jury continue to pour in. Leaders in the balloting: Alec Guinness, Rex Stout, Katherine Anne Porter, Henry Seidel Canby, Virgil Partch, Curtis Bok. And as far as TRADE WINDS is concerned this subject is hereby barred from now on.

LINDSAYANA . . . . Howard Lindsay, now engaged with Russel Crouse on their ninth collaboration—as happy and successful a relationship as the theatre ever has known—is punctilious about his business engagements but on the forgetful side when it comes to social functions. He has been known

to wander off from one of his own dinner parties for a brief nap and then forget to come downstairs again. Names of friends and acquaintances frequently elude him. When in doubt he calls everybody Herb, except his friend Herb Mayes, whom he hails as Jerry. For years he engaged in a bitter feud with an actor who had let him down and wouldn't even stay in the same room with him when they accidentally met at a party. Then one night Lindsay's wife, Dorothy Stickney (with whom, to make no bones about it, I am in love), was amazed to find him in close and harmonious conversation with the actor at the other end of a Hollywood soirée. The conference ended in a burst of laughter, and Lindsay clapped the actor on the back. "I wonder what caused Howard to forgive him?" thought Mrs. Lindsay. At this moment Lindsay whispered hoarsely in her ear, "Who *was* that fellow I just was talking to, anyhow?"

Miss Stickney remembers with some qualms the special performance of "Life with Father" she and her distinguished spouse staged for Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington. She was so terrified before the curtain rose that she was heard to murmur, "I wouldn't do this again for the President of the United States!" Later at an after-theatre dinner in the White House a member of the troupe was even more nervous than Miss Stickney. She quavered to the President, "What an imposing building the White House is! Do you happen to recall the name of the artichoke who designed it?" —BENNETT CERF.



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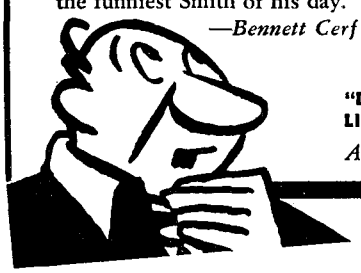

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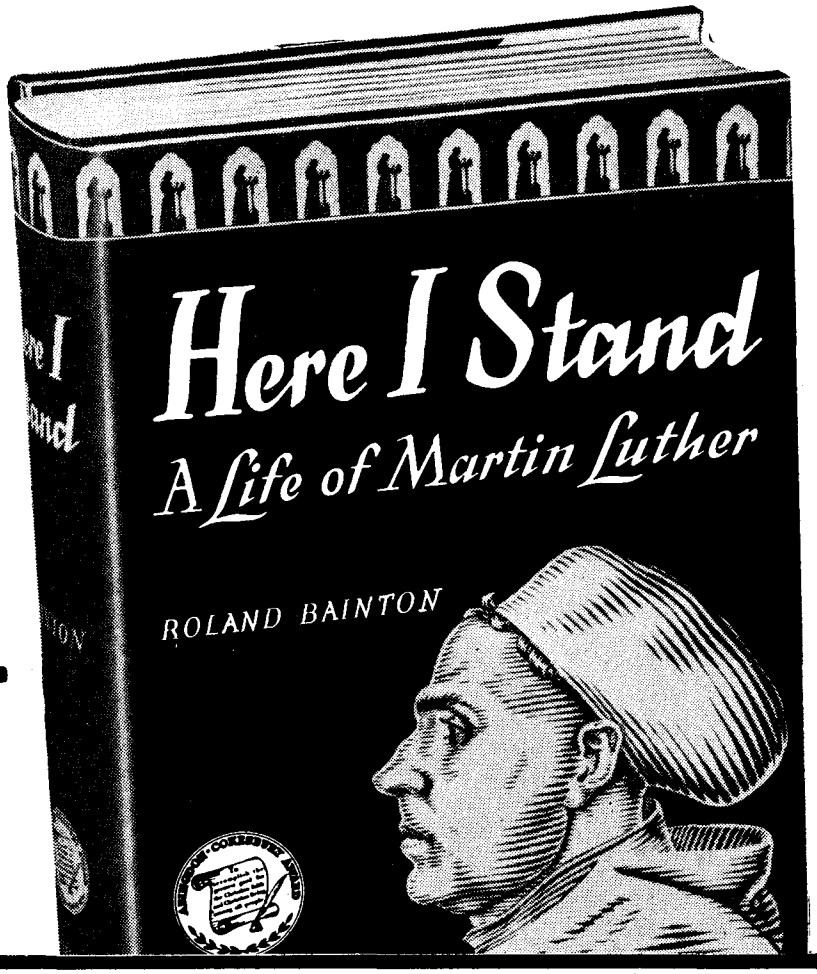

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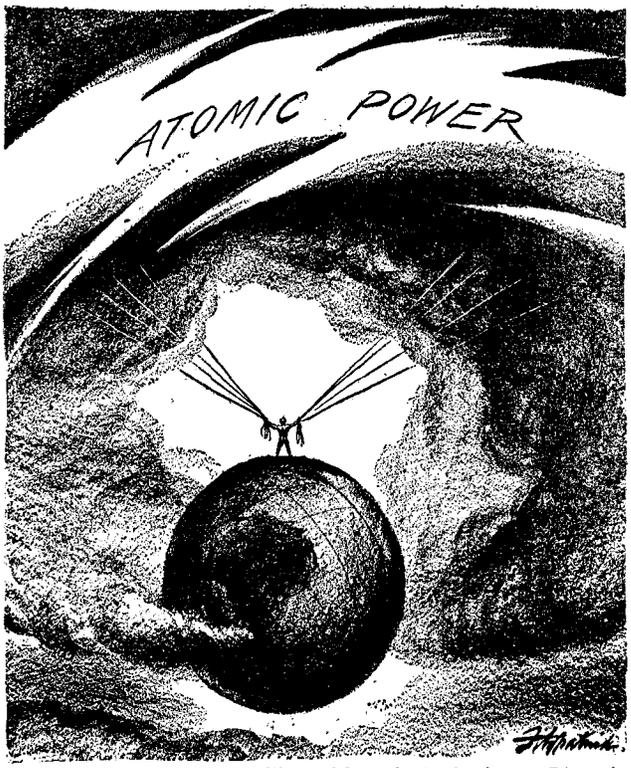
The Saturday Review of Literature

Man Is the Measure

LISTON POPE



—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Little Man, Where To?"

Liston Pope

AT mid-century man is a creature pathetically unsure of himself. A sober appraisal of the last fifty years reveals extraordinary changes but leaves in doubt the question of net progress. Mars has reigned supreme in the exterior world; Freud has become the high priest of the realm within. The first half of the century has been an era of conflict and war to a degree never matched in history.

No comfort is derived from a glance toward the future. Except in those Communist circles where a mystical faith in the future still prevails officially, most men appear to be largely without hope. This is the age of anxiety—of guilt from the past and apprehension about the future. As compared with our grandfathers we have less faith and a greater sense of futility; less purpose but mounting frustration.

Fifty years ago the new century was greeted with enthusiasm. Economic development was breaking all records, despite occasional depressions. Political reform was in the air: democratic forces had all but routed despotic governments, and most of the remaining bastions of autocracy were to fall within a few years. The editor of one religious journal was so optimistic in 1901 that he renamed his periodical *The Christian Century*. This was to be it; this was to be the great century in which the age-old dreams of peace and prosperity would be realized. Had not the three greatest social philosophers of the nineteenth century—Comte, Marx, and Herbert Spencer—agreed in their various ways that conflict and war would soon be obsolete and that a new and ultimate form of community among all men would be established? Had not progress been shown to be the central law of nature?

The glow at the dawn of the century faded slowly. Confronted by the fact of World War I the heirs of the nineteenth century proclaimed it a war to end war. The boom that followed brought as much intoxication as disenchantment, and the glow persisted. The great depression was a severe shock, but it produced characteristically a major crop of panaceas. The road to utopia was becoming rough and indistinct, but pilgrims are not easily discouraged.

Dusk came down quickly after 1936, and World War II brought a blackout to the human spirit. There were heroic responses of a high order, but they were born of desperation. At length a cloud over Hiroshima cast its shadow over the years ahead.

At middle age the twentieth century is prone to discard the heritage of ideals bequeathed by its predecessor. The cult of faith in progress has virtually disappeared. The clay feet of Science the Savior have been exposed, and there is great anxiety that science may prove to be the Destroyer.

To be sure, certain achievements during the first half of the century have been remarkable in character. Capacity to produce goods and services has developed prodigiously; for the first time in history it is now theoretically possible to satisfy most of the basic physical needs of all the people on earth. Space and time have been all but conquered, and all men are neighbors in geography if not in spirit. Devices for communication and weapons for destruction have come nearly to perfection. There can be no doubt that control over the physical realm has increased miraculously.

New conquests over nature always bring their attendant hazards, however, and one may question whether net progress has resulted. The hungry remain unfed. About half of the neighbors are enemies. More efficient technologies of communication have provided channels for gossips (often called commentators) and even more portentously for manipulators of "the mass mind," with Hitler as the most adroit thus far. (Nazism may have been a reversion morally to barbarism but it was typically a twentieth-century phenomenon in its technologies.) It is ironic that television, capable of exhibiting men to each other across great distances, has become widely available just at the moment when man is looking for a hiding place. And it is doubtful that man is better off because he is now able to kill a hundred thousand people with one blast. (William L. Laurence, author of "The Hell Bomb," argues that the develop-

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ment of a hydrogen bomb capable of destroying fifty divisions and all their equipment instantaneously will make war impossible. This is an arresting idea, anticipated by similar proclamations at the invention of other devilish weapons in the past. But one wonders why the fifty divisions would group in such accommodating fashion.)

In the area of social relations man's development during the last half century has likewise been ambivalent. Judged by democratic standards certain achievements have represented progress: the widespread extension of the franchise to women, the improvements in labor's status, many victories in struggles for racial equality, the emergence of the League of Nations and then of the United Nations, frail as they have been. The other side of the ledger has entries in a bold hand: the scourge of Fascism and then of Communism, two world wars, the recession of the democratic movement before the onslaughts of a new autocratic totalitarianism. Nationalism, adjudged by the nineteenth century to be dying, has revived powerfully and dominates the world scene; most world movements and agencies, including the United Nations, have been fractured or assimilated by national interests in one way or another. Mankind has seldom been divided more deeply and dangerously into warring camps.

In respect to intellectual development it is clear that knowledge has increased immensely. The mind has probed with astonishing success into the secrets of nature, of personality, of society. Knowledge has been so proliferated, indeed, that no man can any longer be well-educated in the traditional sense. Faculty members in a university are so specialized that their conversation at social gatherings must deal chiefly with the weather and the shortcomings of the university administration. Literacy has been increased remarkably in the world, and comic books are best sellers.

AN increase in knowledge, however, does not always increase man's sense of well-being. Most men know more about their world and its affairs than their fathers did but they do not necessarily feel more at home in it. They know more about themselves than ever men knew before Freud; their response to this knowledge is often an exclamation of woe.

The decisive use to which man's new knowledge will be put is not assured. Knowledge, like its handmaiden science, is morally ambiguous; in itself it is better than ignorance, but the uses to which it will be put are not necessarily better. It provides light for man's feet but remains a servant of his will. Enough is *known* already to solve a great many of the most difficult personal and social problems, but this very fact contributes to man's sense of frustration.

In the last analysis human progress must be measured in terms of the quality of man himself—by his moral and spiritual stature, his happiness, his fulfillment. Man is the measure, not of the universe but of his own progress. It has been characteristic of this century that men have thought of themselves in terms of nearly everything but themselves: my automobile, my job, my doctor, my country. While the external conditions of his life have changed radically man appears to have remained about the same. Now he is able to acquire great possessions, including those of the mind, but he is no greater himself.

Indeed, man has diminished in moral and spiritual stature in comparison to the demands his world makes on him. A smaller world requires bigger men, or the fateful balance of survival is upset. The multiplication of opportunities calls for men of clearer judgment than their predecessors had. The reduction of the world to a neighborhood makes the Second Commandment a law of survival instead of a mere moral axiom—but are men more competent for love of neighbor than their more isolated forebears were? A split atom and a split mankind cannot coexist indefinitely on the same planet; thus far the atomic bomb has driven nations farther apart rather than bringing them closer together. Most of the new technologies for a universal citizenship have been appropriated by provincial and self-centered men for partisan purposes, and fear permeates humanity.

In short, man appears to be approximately the same self-serving creature he has always been. If anything, his moral reliability and sensitivity have declined in the last five decades and his spiritual vision has dimmed. Having largely discarded faith in a deity before whom he would know his sins and his smallness he no longer knows how lost he is.

This dirge for mankind is not likely to be popular even in dark times in a nation so briefly removed from Booster Clubs, rosy hopes, and assurances from the White House and from the pulpit. Nor is a dirge particularly appropriate in times that call for either martial music or a world anthem. There is not likely to be a firm basis for renewed hope on the earth, however, until man confesses that his problem is ultimately not that of conquest of his environment. His problem is himself. All the great religions have insisted that recognition of this fact is the beginning of true wisdom and the prerequisite to man's salvation.

Liston Pope is dean of the Divinity School of Yale University and was formerly editor of Social Action.

Prayer for the Scared

By Edmund Pennant

DEARLY BELOVED! We are gathered before Thee
When the wild duck deserts us and leprous clouds
Pace his emigration in a panic of sky-rumors;
And the forest makes noises as if its old tenants
Were mad to uproot themselves and march with the others.

When the obdurate twilight flinches from the earth
Where the sun spat blood and left his spoor in the dusk,
And the moon sulks and will not come up, and the owls
Accuse as they run, with their runty bodies bobbying;
And the wind shepherds the last wayward moth from the meadow

And lovers dare not kiss, fearing the pellet of poison
Creased artfully under lips famished for faithfulness.
When the glacier bearing down the belt-latitudes grumbles,
And people say: *No it can't be thunder, it hasn't thundered in years;*
And the last ones to leave throw their bankbooks on the floor:—

Teach us, we pray Thee, the mystic knowledge of those men
In every terror of history who marched before Voices
Out of contaminated cities, to desert sites
Where the Ark of Righteousness was set in the sand
Under skies that became a proscenium of destiny.

Amen!

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Where Is the Message?

KENNETH D. MILLER

AMERICA and the world are facing their greatest crisis. Religionists claim that they have in their faith the power, the wisdom, the insight, and the vision to meet the needs of even such a desperate hour. But one would not suspect that such is the case by reading the religious books published during the past year.

There have been many good religious books published. Some (and not always the best) have even reached the best-seller list. But there have been no great books dealing with religion. That is not to say necessarily that religion is failing in its mission to the world. One suspects that through the pulpit, pastoral contacts, the sacraments, and the other media by which religious leaders make their influence felt more vigorous, more thoroughgoing, more prophetic messages are being communicated than are contained in the current religious books.

The American people are confused, fearful, and at times hysterical. This state of mind centers about the role of the United States in world affairs and our position vis-à-vis Communism. This is not only a political problem —it is a religious problem, a moral problem of the first magnitude. But there has appeared no religious book dealing with this situation in a truly prophetic fashion. Elton Trueblood made a start in his little book, "Signs of Hope in a Century of Despair" (Harper). But that theme needs full-fledged development. There were other good titles—for example, "The Church and Contemporary Change," by G. Bromley Oxnam (Macmillan) and "The Christian Response to the Atomic Crisis," by Edward Leroy Long, Jr. (Westminster)—but these books did not live up to the promise of their names.

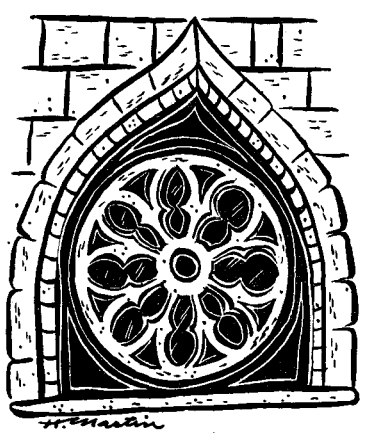
Another of our major problems is the place of religion in American education. As yet no important book has been written on this subject, although there are some that deal with certain controversial side issues, such as public support for parochial schools, released-time classes, and the like. Dr. Howard Lowry of Wooster College has approached this problem in "The Mind's Adventure" (Westminster). But when President Conant of Harvard writes of education it is as if religion does not exist. We need someone to do for American education what Sir Walter Moberly has done for British academic life in his "The Crisis in the University" (Macmillan), pointing out the neglect of the moral and spiritual elements in education. Meanwhile religion continues to be almost ignored in our schools and colleges, and the secularization of our culture goes on apace.

Our Communist critics are continually pointing at our handling of the race problem as an evidence of the weakness of democracy. This is a sociological, economic, and, alas, a political problem, but it is also a religious problem, for all religionists preach the brotherhood of man. John La Farge has gone at it vigorously in his "No Postponement" (Longmans), and James Robinson's "Road Without Turning" (Farrar) shows what the problem looks like from the Negroes' side. But there is need of a book which will take the data assembled in Gunnar Myrdal's "The American Dilemma" (Harper) and interpret it in terms of Christian brotherhood.

Reinhold Niebuhr in many of his articles and addresses shows that he has the ethical insight and religious passion to deal with these staggering problems in arresting fashion. But his recent books have been concerned with basic theological problems which are indeed very relevant to the situation but which few save theologians will read or comprehend.

But enough of the books that have not been written. Now for a quick look at some of the good books that have been written and have come to this reviewer's attention.

Of the many devotional books published I would choose as outstanding Kirby Page's "Living Joyously" (reviewed in this issue) and most enthusiastically Howard Thurman's "Deep is the Hunger" (Harper), which is to be published January 31. The latter book, by a well-known Negro leader, is of rare quality, abounding in fresh insights and new angles to religious truth. Catholics will naturally turn to Fulton Sheen's "Lift Up Your Heart" (McGraw-Hill) or to Father Keller's "One Moment Please!" (Doubleday).



For those who like to read sermons the best that have come to my attention are mentioned elsewhere, except "The Best of Dick Sheppard" (Harper), which makes one wish we had such a flaming personality around today.

Of religious biography a popular study of Martin Luther, "Here I Stand," by Roland H. Bainton (Abingdon-Cokesbury), is of unusual interest. Catholic writers produce a steady stream of lives of the saints. There have been several lives of Maria Goretti, who was canonized last June, of which the best is by Alfred MacConastair under the title "Lily of the Marshes" (Macmillan).

CATHOLIC scholars like Theodore Maynard seem concerned with rewriting English history, as in his "The Crown and the Cross," a biography of Thomas Cromwell (McGrawHill). Will Durant's monumental "Age of Faith" (Simon & Schuster) is an amazing piece of work by a secular historian. Errors of fact and judgment there are, but the sweep of this historical review is breathtaking.

There has been almost a deluge of books dealing with "pastoral counseling," which seems to be the latest Protestant fad. What used to be thought of as common-sense relationships between pastor and people based on the love of the pastor for people and the trust of the people in their spiritual leader has now been elevated to a "science" with a jargon and a technique all its own. Insofar as this is based on the recognition by the minister of the existence of psychotherapy, its functions and limitations, it is a helpful movement. "Psychotherapy and a Christian View of Man," by David E. Roberts (Scribner), is a sound and lucid exposition of the respective functions of psychotherapy and religion.

Meantime the theological debate goes on. Reinhold Niebuhr has given us another book, "Faith and History" (Scribner). L. Harold DeWolf dubs Niebuhr's position as "The Religious Revolt Against Reason" (Harper). But a Niebuhrian reviewer of DeWolf (John E. Burkhart in the *Union Seminary Quarterly Review*) contends that "he [DeWolf] misses the presumption in making even unlimited comprehensive coherence the ultimate presup-

(*Continued on page 36*)

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Lincoln. *Save for Jesus Christ and Napoleon no man has been so much written about as Abraham Lincoln. The volume of Lincoln literature is all the more astonishing because its subject stood in the spotlight of history only the four last years of his life. Not long ago one distinguished Lincoln scholar declared that the Lincoln shelf lacked only two books: an account of Lincoln's relations with the press and a readable, comprehensive single-volume life derived from the latest scholarship. The first of these needs is answered by Robert S. Harper's "Lincoln and the Press," reviewed below; several attempts to fill the second are now in preparation. Mr. Lincoln's war has been written about almost as thoroughly as Mr. Lincoln himself. The latest Civil War history is Bruce Catton's lively yet trustworthy "Mr. Lincoln's Army," another new book of the week.*

The War Against Abe

LINCOLN AND THE PRESS. By Robert S. Harper. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 418 pp. $6.

By THOMAS B. SHERMAN

MODERATION has never been a distinguishing trait of American journalism but most of us would rather bear with the extravagance of the craft than risk its mutilation by official edict. Our attitude is one of faith rather than logic; there is no more reason to believe that good ideas will drive out bad than that good money will do the same. Yet there must be something to the notion that everybody—the monomaniac as well as the honest disputant—should be allowed to say his piece because the events of our history have partly justified such a policy.

A comparison of the journalistic attacks made on President Roosevelt during World War II with the treatment accorded President Lincoln in his war years by the Northern press is indeed revealing. Fortunately such a comparison can now be made without arduous research into thousands of documents. Robert S. Harper's book offers a complete and copious documentation of the war against Lincoln on the second front, and it records Lincoln's relationship to the press in general.

The striking difference between the anti-Roosevelt and the anti-Lincoln newspapers is one of tone. Scurrilous and defamatory stories about Roosevelt were circulated largely by word of mouth; but Lincoln was accused openly in the public prints of drawing his salary in gold while his soldiers were paid in greenbacks, of being drunk when he wrote a state paper, of granting pardons to military rebels in order to procure votes for his second election, of being guilty of "wholesale murder," of being "a perjured traitor."

The La Crosse, Wisconsin, *Democrat* said in announcing a draft: "Lincoln has called for 500,000 more victims." The New York *Daily News* wrote: "About two-and-a-half of our citizens are to be brought off into Messrs. Lincoln and Company's carnel [sic] house." Samuel Medary, editor of the Columbus, Ohio, *Crisis*, possibly the most virulent of the Copperhead sheets, spoke of Lincoln as a "half-witted usurper." So it went.

The steady drumfire of opposition and abuse was not limited in its source. Copperhead and anti-war Democratic newspapers were distributed as if by strategic determination all through the country, and one of the bitterest, the *Illinois State Register*, edited by Charles H. Lanphier, was published in Springfield, Lincoln's home city. The overt aid and comfort given to the enemy by the opposition press was aggravated occasionally by the irresponsibility of nominally loyal papers. Information about troop movements, picked up from travelers, was printed without regard for the fact that the Confederate generals read the Northern newspapers closely.

In the face of these seditious, inflammatory, and wilful writings—the New York *Daily News* virtually instigated the bloody draft riots—Lincoln exercised what can only be described as a superhuman self-restraint. A number of papers were closed down, a number of editors were thrown into prison from time to time, but in most instances it was a district military commander who took the necessary action, an action that was frequently revoked by the President's own hand. The severest punishment was meted out by Union soldiers on leave or by

THE AUTHOR: The first book Robert S. Harper ever read through—a Christmas present in 1909—was "Young People's Life of Lincoln," by Harriet Putnam, in words of one syllable. (He still has it.) And he puzzled out the words in circumstances not too different from Lincoln's own first reading. He was born in Greenfield, Ohio; his family went back to farming when he was very young, living in a one-room log cabin on the banks of Paint Creek in Madison County, fifty miles from Columbus. The family ate what they raised and at six Robert aided the larder by fishing. His second consuming interest began in high school when he wrote sports for the Washington Court House *Daily Herald*. After a junket in New York he settled down at the Columbus, Ohio, *State Journal*, successively reporter, desk man, and on up to managing editor. After a stint of Pacific war correspondence he retired from newspaper work in 1946—a twenty-seven-year span of it—to farm by long-distance phone and to write. There came a day after twenty years of avid reading about the Civil War when he wondered: "How would I have handled Lincoln had I been an editor then?"—and he couldn't find the answer anywhere. So began more than three years of intensive research and writing—"usually I dictated, walking the floor with sheets of notes while that poor kid, my secretary, suffered." He says he tried to do a straight reportorial job with only enough asides to give readers background; but his own conclusions are that the war was fought between political parties ("the impact of Lincoln's election was much what might have happened had Wallace been elected in 1948") and that the press "can no more force people to do as it directs than could a dictator today in Washington. Don't get me wrong; I admire the press. It's my own dog and I can kick him if I want to." Anyway, he had a fine time doing the book—aided by wife Aileen and Robert, Jr., seventeen. —K. S.

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garrisons stationed near an offending publication. In dozens of cases soldiers smashed the presses and burned the papers in the streets.

The reasons for Lincoln's toleration of such waywardness, such open sabotage of the war effort are not too closely analyzed in Mr. Harper's text. It is clear that Lincoln liked the atmosphere of a newspaper shop, that he utilized newspapers from the beginning to promote his political career, and that he cultivated with diligence the friendship of reporters and editors who could be useful to him. He also rewarded them with Government posts; his failure to offer the Postmaster Generalship to Horace Greeley was undoubtedly responsible for that editor's somewhat equivocal loyalty to the President.

A much stronger reason for his restraint, however, may be inferred from his general social philosophy. To have proceeded drastically against the freedom of the press even when it was being so dangerously misused would have been to strike a blow, whose long-term effects couldn't be measured, against an essential instrument of a free society. So he accepted the risk. Whatever his instinctive reasoning, a wholesale liquidation of an opposition press would have established a precedent that might have prejudiced the whole future of American journalism.

Mr. Harper implies that the whole American press, not merely the opposition, was singularly obtuse in assessing Mr. Lincoln's extraordinary quality of mind and character. It is a justified conclusion, though it cannot be verified in this particular text since the author has made no close examination of the loyal newspapers. Nor does he do a careful job of classifying and evaluating Lincoln's various opponents. Which of them actually wanted the Union destroyed — and why? Who were conscientiously behaving as a "loyal opposition"? Who were merely following a cantankerous urge to be "agin the Government"? What was the comparative size of the opposition press and the degree of its influence in relationship to the newspapers that stood fast?

Nevertheless this is an exhaustive and valuable work—a rich and convenient reference for students of the period, of Lincoln, of American mores, and the American newspaper. The general reader may find it tedious as a cover-to-cover excursion. A different scheme of organizing the material and a little more charm in the writing might have lightened the task, though it could hardly have improved the book as a record.

Thomas B. Sherman is a member of the editorial staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—From "Mr. Lincoln's Army."

McClellan Had His Problems

MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY. By Bruce Catton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 372 pp. $3.75.

By J. G. RANDALL

A ROWBOAT slides "out on the Potomac in the hazy light of a hot August morning in 1862." With this novel-like start Bruce Catton sets out to give a dramatic treatment of the Army of the Potomac in the McClellan period—that is, until the ultimate removal of McClellan in late '62. He begins in the middle with the disastrous story of Second Bull Run, Pope being at the army's head and McClellan on a demoted level. As for that initial rowboat it carries Herman Haupt, able superintendent of military railroads, as he meets a transport bearing McClellan, whose army under orders from Washington has been pulled back from the Peninsula. We learn much of Haupt, a keen and forthright engineer, a colonel, moreover, who could tell a major general (not McClellan) where to get off. The battle of Second Bull Run is given in lively and elaborate narrative. After that the author goes back in order later to go forward. He carries the McClellan story up to date with a full treatment of the Peninsular campaign, does justice to McClellan's highly important Antietam operation, and brings his account to a close with that November day in 1862 when "the jaunty little man on the great black horse" said a final good-by to his cheering army.

What about McClellan? Is the author pro or anti or detached? The answer is not to be given in a word. Catton honestly seeks to understand McClellan's problems, recognizing his merits and recording in lively passages the enthusiastic admiration of his troops. On the other hand there is plenty in the book to offer ammunition to the general's critics. One lays the book down with a realization that conditions in his year of command were not propitious for McClellan's military genius or his difficult and complex personality. There have been many anti-McClellan stereotypes, including an indirect and doubtful story supposedly traced to General W. F. ("Baldy") Smith and involving the politician Fernando Wood, which had significance only as a bit of the whispering campaign of 1864. But the author takes no stock in the accusations of "treason" against the general, accusations which were rejected by Lincoln, repudiated even by Nicolay and Hay, and have been discarded by historians.

The whole war had a preposterous quality. "It was stagy and overdone, and the least inhibited theatrical director nowadays would throw out large parts of the script." Soldiers believed that Hooker wore a fancy hat as a trick of traitorous communication with the enemy; in so believing "they were simply applying on their own level the same sort of panic suspi-

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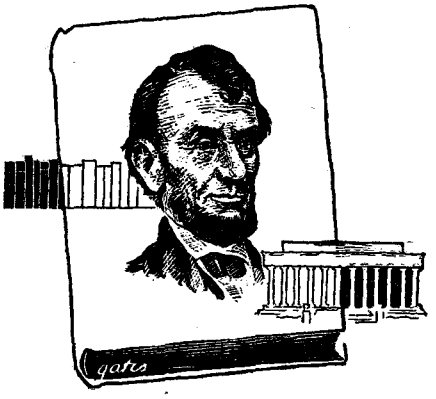
cion that was besetting their elders." There was unreality in what men believed and repeated, but this was itself a real factor. The air was blue with unfounded suspicion and false rumor. Much of the currency of popular thought was counterfeit. It was a period in which, as the author writes, a man "could be reasonable with only part of his mind."

In numerous glimpses, largely from soldiers' memoirs, we gather what manner of army it was—a noble army with usually high morale, but marred by jealousies, bombast, contempt toward "straw feet," disdain toward drafted men, curses, and bitter hatred among officers. It was to become in postwar oratory an "army of legend."

Catton's pages glow with pictorial details and sparkle with personalities. The book is largely a series of impressions: jolting caissons, clumsy wagon trains, careening horses, deeply mired mules, the red patch of flannel worn as a trademark by Kearny's men, scattered units trying to find their regiments, men who lacked fingers holding their fists clenched in order to pass the physical, and so on. There are unfavorable portraitures of Stanton, Hooker, Pope, Frémont, and Banks; friendly descriptions of McDowell (target of "treason" charges), Hancock, Kearny, and Fitz John Porter. There is a touching scene where Kearny and Howard talk of buying gloves together; one pair would serve for both.

In these chapters the whole war is not given and what lies behind printed sources may not always be critically indicated. But the book is well conceived (once you get the hang of it), the style is rapid and stirring, and in clear strokes "Lincoln's army," geared for all-out war, for "ugliness and dirt and pain and death," comes vividly to life.

J. G. Randall, professor emeritus of history at the University of Illinois, is author of "The Civil War and Reconstruction," "Lincoln the President," "Constitutional Problems Under Lincoln," and other books.



Fiction. *To mark the start of Lent* SRL *this week reviews a number of works of fiction with Biblical and religious themes. Mildred Jordan's "Miracle in Brittany" (page 43) is a charming carol of devout Breton folk; Paul Fox's "The Daughter of Jairus" (page 44) treats the incidents leading up to the Crucifixion; while William E. Barrett's "Left Hand of God" (page 47) tells of a man who masquerades as a priest. . . . The books reviewed below run the gamut from politics to history to whimsey. Through Stefan Heym's novel of present-day Czechoslovakia, "The Eyes of Reason," runs a strong thread of propaganda; John Masters's "Nightrunners of Bengal" presents the Sepoy Rebellion, while Reginald Arkell's "Old Herbaceous" describes an England that has all but vanished. There is also a new book of stories from Britisher Christopher Sykes.*

Prague Without Magic

THE EYES OF REASON. By Stefan Heym. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 433 pp. $3.75.

By Marcia Davenport

IF IT could be presumed that Czech people are deficient in sentiment, in personal or atavistic or national emotion, in warmth, in humor, in historical pride, in gaiety, in color, in common-garden humanness, then to some readers this new novel by Stefan Heym might be believable. But the book will not be believable to any person who knows its scene, its chronology, and the prototypes of many of its characters. That may be a special objection; the more general fact is that this is a novel without a heart, contrived by a cold, dialectically disciplined brain.

Mr. Heym has spent substantial amounts of time in Czechoslovakia, both in Prague and in a provincial town upon which he models the place he calls Rodnik. The most recent of his sojourns has been since the Communist seizure of the country in 1948. This visit could not have been possible without the approval of the Communist Ministry of Information, which in fact announced Mr. Heym's presence in Czechoslovakia in one of its English-language propaganda bulletins. No foreign writer can live and work in this or any other Communist state without such official blessing or be free of the minutest secret-police surveillance. These facts are the key to "The Eyes of Reason."

The early chapters are somewhat disarming, seemingly drawn with tolerance and a broad philosophical point of view. Mr. Heym pursues the problems and the fates of three brothers who, each having fought the Nazis in his own way, return to their birthplace in Czechoslovakia in 1945 to begin their lives anew and to take part in the construction, reconstruction, or destruction—according to one's own politics—of the Republic. Joseph, from the Czech Squadron of the RAF, is Mr. Heym's capitalist and reactionary. Karel, from the Nazi concentration camps, is his Communist—strong, simple, unconfused. Thomas, from refuge and war work in the United States, is the intellectual, the confused liberal, the anachronistic man of frustrated good will whose torments all too clearly are destined from the first to end in suicide.

The scene moves between the industrial town of Rodnik, where the brothers are the inheritors of a family glass factory, and Prague, which Mr. Heym rather against his own design, one suspects, contrives to make as dreary and dour as its present masters have done. Nowhere does Prague's magic, its beauty, its tragic tenderness, its wealth of historical atmosphere touch this icily materialistic book. The three years of struggle, confusion, treachery, and tragedy culminating in the debacle of 1948 are the span of the novel; but to the author and his key characters 1948 was no debacle.

A considerable mass of facts, mostly of such political detail as to be uninteresting to the ordinary reader, fills this long and not very readable book —facts used or abused with the utmost cynicism. In the later chapters the veil not immediately perceived dissolves from the face of these facts, and Communist jargon rolls forth with increasing momentum. Yet the author clings to certain devices which may have been intended to disarm a general public. His Thomas moves through the book writing a great work entitled

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"Essay on Freedom." Excerpts from this fictitious masterpiece are quoted at the chapter headings of Mr. Heym's own book. Their equivocal writhings reflect the sorrowful discovery of Thomas Benda that freedom as the West defines it is an untenable anachronism in the newer world of Socialist Responsibility. Mr. Heym himself appears never to have heard of social —not Socialist—responsibility as it was practised in the pre-1938 Czechoslovak Republic, which together with Sweden was considered the most enlightened country in Europe if not in the world in matters of social and welfare legislation.

Czechoslovakia as the three Benda brothers and their subsidiary characters live in it and deal with it post-1945 is a horrifying mess of disorganization, dishonesty, and disruption, but that is not the work of the Nazis; that is capitalist reaction endeavoring once more to enslave the people. The final chapters of the book, which cover the 1948 crisis in Prague, are with certain clumsily artificial incidentals a straight pro-Communist version of what to the Reds is victory, to Western civilization catastrophe.

Further, the non-Communist politicians—whose shocking failures of statecraft, vision, and courage are bitter truth enough—are caricatured in a snarl of preposterous conspiracy. The Communists emerge shining white, their Gottwald strong and simple, a man of no oratory, no grandiose gestures. Mr. Heym appears not to realize that some of us are witness in the flesh and to the facts.

Even more cynical is his curious dragging in of the tragic march of the university students, trying vainly to see President Benes. To Mr. Heym they were a disorderly, bragging mob duly subdued by earnest, patient police and by a platoon of workers, hard-faced and armed with carbines. To us who stood in that street and watched a drilled rabble of ruffians with red flags round their arms—armed civilians—roughing up thousands of young men and women, Gottwald's "new country of the working people, a happy country" is a place of terror, slavery, and death, no hint of which peeps through "The Eyes of Reason." If the book were written with any sign of real passion or with real art it might be terrible even if preposterous. As it is it does not manage even to be insidious.

Marcia Davenport is the author of a biography of Mozart and of several novels, including "East Side, West Side," "The Valley of Decision," and "Of Lena Geyr." She had formerly lived for many years in Czechoslovakia.

Not According to Kipling

NIGHTRUNNERS OF BENGAL. By John Masters. New York: The Viking Press. 330 pp. $3.

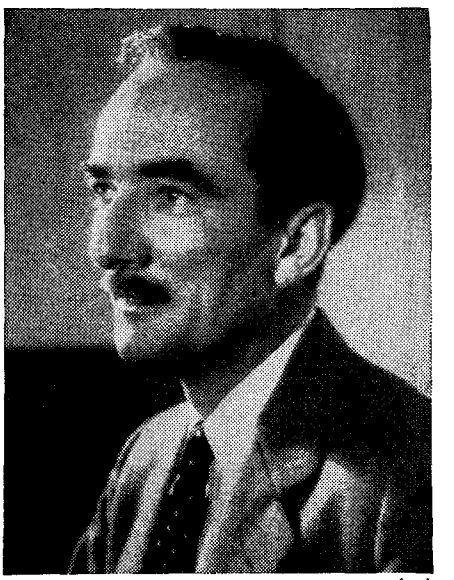
By Harrison Smith

ABOUT a century ago a flaming rebellion broke loose in Bengal, India, destroying for a time England's century-old grasp on its richest colony and endangering its growing empire throughout Asia. It was known as the Great Bengal Mutiny or the Sepoy Rebellion, for the British garrisons were maintained in 1857 by a large army of trained native troops commanded by a skeleton force of British officers. For many years the famous rebellion was a popular subject for British writers of historical romance, since it combined every element necessary for a bloody costume drama.

As far as we know John Masters's "Nightrunners of Bengal" is the best novel on this theme for many years and certainly the first that might command a wide audience in this country. The author has India in his blood; he was born in Calcutta and spent fourteen years in the Indian Army, the fifth successive generation to serve in the heart of the British Empire. His writing style reflects a rigorous and colorful life rather than the skill and subtlety of the trained novelist.

When Captain Rodney Savage of the 13th Rifles, Bengal Native Infantry, woke one Sunday morning in May in his bungalow he was innocent of any suspicion of what the night would bring to him and his wife and their son. Like any other Britisher serving both the Empire in India and the John Company in their curious relations with each other, he regarded the political and military position as impregnable. His complacency had been shaken by a young Englishwoman whose curiosity and intuitive suspicion of the conspiracy that was growing around the garrison town of Bhowani had disturbed his Victorian sense of what were proper questions for any woman to ask. His recent adventures in a neighboring native state, where he met and made love to the Ranee, should have enlightened him to the dangers. It signified nothing to him that the commissioner to the John Company was taking bribes and was involved in the plot, for nearly all British agents were engaged in complicated conspiracies and were piling up wealth to return to England as what Thackeray called "nabobs."

His wife was killed on the night when the Sepoys burned and destroyed, tortured and murdered, and he fled with his child and the haughty Miss Langford toward the nearest British garrison. The rest of the novel is the familiar, though dramatically told, story of fugitives in a hostile country and finally the grim recital of British fury and hatred that equaled the barbarity of the natives. "The chains of hatred forged on that Sunday," says Mr. Masters in his preface, "bound England and India for ninety years. Twelve centuries of English history show nothing remotely like it. The Great Bengal Mutiny lives as history's cruelest example of the inherent melancholy of power."



—*Arni.*

John Masters—"India in his blood."

His introductory chapters present a well-written glimpse of the minutiae and the pomp and circumstance that surrounded a large military outpost in those days. In the midst of the heat, the repetitive and boring duties of training native troops, the evenings at the club, the petty rivalries and gossip among the women, and the drinking there was a slight tremor like the beginnings of an earthquake under the solid structure of British power. This is familiar ground for novelists. What is new is the rapid and melodramatic narrative of the end of the great Bengal Mutiny and the ferocity with which Oriental natives fought European troops so long ago. You will not find it in Kipling or in the earlier novels of colonies in the Orient. Only in recent times have we discovered that enraged and armed men fighting for their freedom, whatever their color may be, are the equals of white soldiers fighting on alien soil. But aside from whatever lesson it may hold this is the most exciting historical novel of the new year.

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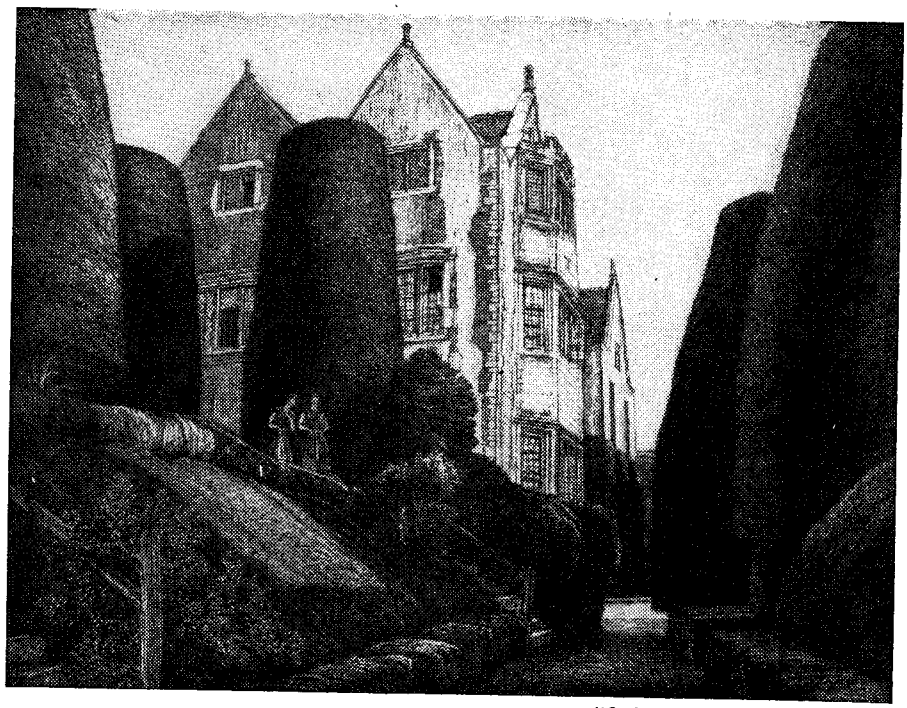

—"Owlpen Manor," by F. L. Griggs.

Gardens & a World That Is Gone

OLD HERBACEOUS. By Reginald Arkell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 160 pp. $2.

By Pamela Taylor

IT WAS one of his neighbors who first gave Herbert Pinnegar the nickname which was to stick to him all the rest of his days. "Never see such a 'erbaceous old varmint, not in all my days," she said, scurrying away from his cottage with a flea in her ear. Being badgered with questions was something he couldn't endure, and curiosity having got the upper hand of this neighbor the old man turned on her. Eighty years old he was and not able to get around much any more; but from the window of his cottage, which was his for life, he could as he sat propped up in bed, fitfully dozing and dreaming over his past, look out on the gardens of the Manor. From the time when he had gone to work there as a small, lame boy, a village foundling, passionately interested in flowers and instructed and supported in his interest by a sympathetic schoolmistress, the Manor gardens had been his world and his existence.

Thinking back over the crowding years—his first ones as a green but devoted boy, the later ones when he was head gardener with plenty of boys under him, the war years when he did as best he could alone—Old Herbaceous could remember all the ups and downs of the place. The last few years might not seem too clear to him, but there were things he would never forget: his lovely young employer, Mrs. Charteris, his triumphs in prize-winning, the great moment when he was chairman of the horticultural section of the County Show. Things had changed, the Manor had been sold, nothing was as it had been nor would it ever be again, but still in his window the old man pondered a life whose sole love had been a green and growing world.

"Old Herbaceous" is at once a loving and amused portrait of a type of English countryman for which perhaps the mold is broken and the pattern lost, and a salute to a tradition and a way of life now gone forever. A thoroughly delightful little novel, it is made to order for those who are heard to complain frequently that "everything written today is so unpleasant." But it has a flavor and pungency of its own and with its nicely ironic ending is as nostalgic as the smell of earth and daffodils after a spring rain or the heady, rank scent of chrysanthemums in the autumn sun.

Reginald Arkell is the son of an English farmer. Though he has been concerned for years in London with magazines, television, and the theatre, the love of England's countryside and an inborn sympathy for its lovers is, as this novel plainly proves, still vitally alive in him.

Fiction Notes

FOXFIRE. By Anya Seton. Houghton Mifflin. $3. Anya Seton beats the track to Lodestone, Arizona, in 1932. Here we have a sheltered, conventional Eastern girl falling in love with the strong, silent type, son of a half-caste mother, arrogantly apache, enmeshed in his work as a mining engineer. These two ill-matched lovers met on the *Bremen* that certain summer, but that incident soon fades. A rattling model-T Ford conveys the bride to a tumbledown shack that is to be her home. Her trousseau, her painted nails, her hair-do, and her New York manners utterly alienate the locals.

But she sees it through. Machinations in the mine, a miscarriage, a lingering moment of doubt when the rich playboy ex-beau looks good, and a hazardous safari to the mountains for lost gold all add up to trial and truth at the last. Her place is by her man, near the shaft, over the sink.

Murder and sudden death round out the ballad, while the usual character parts dot the drama with color. This is for no apparent reason under-pressure writing, hurried, repetitious, and pedestrian. Let us hope for fresher fields another time for Miss Seton, author of that fine novel of New England "The Hearth and Eagle."

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

CHARACTER AND SITUATION. By Christopher Sykes. Knopf. $3. Mr. Sykes's "Four Studies in Loyalty," published a few years ago, were clever and urbane. But this time we see that a first-rate *raconteur* can be a second-rate teller of tales. His half-dozen stories are exactly what he entitles them, but his characterizations are merely competent and his narrative skill adequate—together they combine to no strong effect. He allows himself ample range to show his talent. His characters and their situations include: a priest in Africa who wins a horse race to retrieve a stolen chalice; a wife in the Near East who sheds her husband; a native in Tehran who is lovably inefficient; a left-wing English clergyman who flies off on a wild goose chase to Spain; a psychologist who relates a case history; and a successful novelist who interviews his prospective son-in-law. A few of the stories are comic in spirit, but like all the others so heavy-handed and slowfooted that they move at a stately shuffle—plus inordinate garrulity.

The collection is hardly enhanced by Evelyn Waugh's introduction, which is coy (about the author), choleric (about the world today), and smug (about himself).

—Robert Halsband.

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Poetry. *Seldom is* SRL *able to offer a group of reviews treating as rich and varied a feast of verse as those which follow. The five volumes of "Poets of the English Language," which W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson have edited for the Viking Portable Library, deserve a place on the shelf of every book-lover. Covering the range of English verse from Langland to Yeats, the editors have produced, near-miraculously, a collection both representative and personal. Also reviewed is the latest work of two highly gifted living American poets: "The Auroras of Spring," by Wallace Stevens, whose long record of achievement was accoladed last year with a Bollingen award, and "Family Reunion," by Ogden Nash, our best writer of light, satiric verse. To make the variety complete, there is a first volume by a promising newcomer, "All Keys Are Glass," by Frances Minturn Howard, winner of Poetry Society's first award.*

A Long Ride for Pegasus

POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. Vol. I: Langland to Spenser. 619 *pp. Vol. II: Marlowe to Marvel.* 556 *pp. Vol. III: Milton to Goldsmith.* 622 *pp. Vol. IV: Blake to Poe.* 535 *pp. Vol. V: Tennyson to Yeats.* 624 *pp. New York: The Viking Press.* $2.50 *each.*

By David Daiches

WHAT AN extraordinary variety of good poetry there is in the English language! From Milton's "Paradise Lost" to Skelton's "Philip Sparrow," from a Shakespeare sonnet to Christopher Smart's "For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry," from Prior's "Jinny the Just" to Emily Dickinson's "I felt a funeral in my brain"—the range is enormous, the diversity of skills involved hardly credible. There are so many different ways of effectively handling the English language in verse, so many cunning modulations between straight prose and "pure" poetry, so many arresting or startling or magnificent or magical or lunatic things to be done with words metrically arranged, that having gone through a really representative collection of poetry in English we are more impatient than ever with general definitions of poetry and conscious only of the number of distinct skills that it is possible to discover. "Here is God's plenty," as Dryden said of Chaucer; and Messrs. Auden and Pearson have laid it out for us with generosity and discrimination.

It might be said that anybody with five volumes at his disposal could easily produce a generous collection of good English poetry written between 1350 and 1914—roughly the ground covered by "Poets of the English Language." Having tried my own hand at anthologizing, with much less space to play with, my first reaction to the Auden-Pearson volumes was one of envy that they had the opportunity of including so much. But, with all the wealth of English and American poetry to choose from, five volumes present just as taxing problems of selection as one, and even with fifty volumes to fill the task would not be easy. It is always easy of course to make a collection of good English poems; but the aim of the editors is not so simple as that. They call their collection "Poets of the English Language," not "Some Poems in the English Language," and they tell us specifically that "what we have tried to give is a picture of the poetical tradition from Langland to the beginning of World War I." Admitting that "the creation of an anthology involves choice, and choice in turn involves the personalities of the editors" they have, while repudiating "impersonality" as making for dulness in books as in people, tried to make their collection both historically and artistically representative—that is, they try to illustrate effectively the English poetic tradition

and at the same time to display the resources of poetic craftsmanship in English. In this joint task they have succeeded to a greater degree than any other editors I am aware of. They have also made their collection both representative and personal, and that in itself is a quite remarkable achievement.

The first volume includes Spenser, whose work is regarded as the culmination of the medieval mode of allegory rather than as the beginning of a new kind of poetry. There is of course some justice in this view: "The Faerie Queene" is clearly in one of its aspects in the tradition of the allegory of love, and C. S. Lewis so treats it in his great book on that subject. But that is only one side of Spenser and not perhaps the most important side. The "Epithalamion" is certainly a new kind of poem in English, while "The Shepheardes Calendar," the earliest and in a sense the most revolutionary of Spenser's major works, cannot be seen for what it is in the English poetic tradition if we are presented only with the April and November Eclogues tucked in toward the end of a volume mostly devoted to medieval and early Tudor poets. The October Eclogue, with its complex sense of the New Poet's mission, would have illustrated this other aspect of Spenser; to ignore it is to risk distorting one's picture of the English poetic tradition.

And in spite of the tremendous success of the collection as a whole I should say that in this regard the editors have slightly distorted their picture of the English poetic tradition. Not a word is said in the introduction about the remarkable pioneering work of the "courtly makers," of the prosodic reshaping of the English language that went on in the early sixteenth century after changes in the language temporarily obscured Chaucer's achievement in prosody, of the conscious attempt of the Tudor and Elizabethan poets to rebuild a national poetry able to hold its own with the achievements of Greece and Rome and Italy.

Messrs. Auden and Pearson make their divisions in terms of the history of ideas rather than of the history of poetic craftsmanship: they argue that "it would probably be a good thing if the word Renaissance were to disappear forever from our vocabulary" and make a good case for a different reading of the history of European thought. But there is no getting away from the fact that the period conventionally known as the Renaissance was the period in which poets announced new poetic ambitions and sought new kinds of poetic skill. The most cursory reading of the early Elizabethan

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critics shows that; and there is much in Wyatt and Surrey and Sidney and (most impressively and obviously) in Fulke Greville, not to mention Spenser, that shows the gradual flowering of a new kind of poetic ambition, with its appropriate craftsmanship. In their anxiety to introduce some new perceptions about the history of Western thought the editors have occasionally sacrificed the effectiveness of their poetic ordering.

It might even be argued that an anthology of this kind is no place in which to introduce new notions about the history of ideas; for to present these new notions is to assume that the reader is thoroughly familiar with the old and is appropriately startled into interest in having them challenged. The editors in their introductions to the different volumes (I suspect it is largely Auden at work here) are continually sparring with academic notions of the history of ideas, modifying them, correcting them, or flatly denying them. This is fine for the professor, in whom constant classroom presentation sometimes leads to a thoughtless acceptance of generalizations and to whom this kind of discussion gives a healthy jolt; but this anthology is surely meant primarily for the general reader, who will be puzzled at being given footnotes to a text with which he is unfamiliar. Consider, for example, this remark from the discussion of the effects of the Reformation in the introduction to the second volume:

> Previously the human figure had usually been thought of as we think of a friend—as a rational person to be encountered face to face; in baroque painting it becomes a natural object in space, to be regarded from any angle or perspective and of which the eye is no more significant than the foot; it is the body in movement—or the will of man, rather than his reason—on which the interest is concentrated.

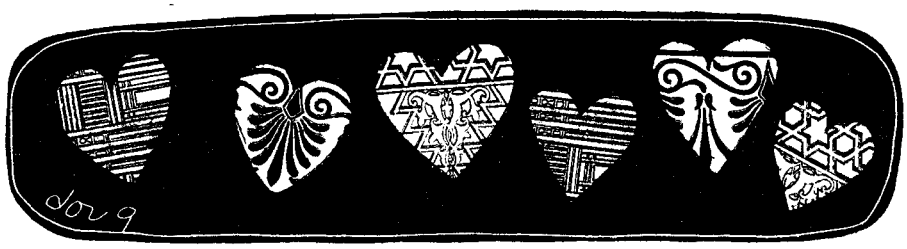
This is a suggestive and witty remark; but I am not sure that it is in any significant sense true, and I am even less sure of its relevance to a discussion of seventeenth-century English poetry. And I am quite sure that it will not help the lay lover of poetry to read Milton or Marvell with any greater understanding or appreciation. I wish that in their introductions the editors had filled in the picture a little more fully and got the perspective more accurately before they introduced their footnotes to history. Let me make quite clear that I consider these footnotes illuminating; but they are addenda to a central tradition, exaggerations or witty generalizations or cleverly tentative counter-proposals or eccentric insights which challenge accepted formulations and which correct those formulations rather than replace them.

But the choice of poems is admirable, though one might quarrel with it here and there. I should like to have seen something from Chaucer's "Hous of Fame" and perhaps the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women"; and there is nothing from the General Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" nor from the Pardoner's great and startling confession. I should have welcomed one of Robert Henryson's fables (though he is in general well represented, as are his fellow medieval Scots). And there is nothing from that lively, rollicking, colorful, magnificently humorous, and caustic verse-play of Sir David Lyndsay, "Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis," which has been twice put on with huge success at the Edinburgh Festival.

It seems to me that the collection gets better as it goes on, and I can think of no significant omissions from the later centuries. But why take the text of "Antony and Cleopatra" from the second folio when the first folio text is readily available? There are several significant errors in the text as here printed which presumably are the fault of the second folio's printer. And it is carrying fidelity to the original text too far to refuse to correct obvious mislineations or separate stage directions from the speeches. And why give to the poem which Burns entitled "The Poet's Welcome to his Bastart Wean" the title of the timid nineteenth-century editors: "The Poet's Welcome to His Love-begotten Daughter"? And why gloss Middle English words generously and not gloss any of the (to American readers) equally difficult Scots words of Burns, such as "kirk," "mailins," "splore."

But I must not be captious. This is in truth a splendid collection of poetry in the English language, done by editors who have a true feeling for poetic craftsmanship in all its glorious diversity. It is worth owning even if you have all the works of all the English and American poets separately on your shelves. And, like the other books in the Viking Portable Library, these are attractively produced and pleasant to handle.

David Daiches is chairman of the Division of Literature at Cornell.



Prizewinning Poet

ALL KEYS ARE GLASS. By Frances Minturn Howard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 64 pp. $2.75.

By Sara Henderson Hay

FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD'S book is the winner of Poetry Award's first prize, an honor well-deserved. It is, I think, a volume of real distinction. These are beautifully wrought, quietly eloquent poems, poems whose economy and discipline do not conceal their emotional and intellectual passion. Mrs. Howard's background is New England, and many of her poems are about that region—its rocky coasts and tidal pools, its watchful sea, its sunny inland meadows, its "brief, swiftly gone summers." There is in her work something of the texture of the New England scene, the spareness and strength of the skeleton beneath the transient, lovely flesh.

> . . . the nature of the country; of the rock
> That lies so close beneath the grass of Spring . . .

The enduring bone, the strict mind, the austere integrity of the spirit are themes to which Mrs. Howard returns again and again, as did an earlier poet, Elinor Wylie, whose influence is apparent.

Though she writes with such vividness and love for the locale she knows so well Mrs. Howard is not by any means a genre poet. Her real country is that universal one of the mind and spirit, and she looks upon it with wisdom and sympathy in her eye. Her reactions are vigorous and direct; sometimes the forthrightness with which she speaks leads her to the verge of being a bit didactic, as in the poems "Warning" and "The Saved," and she very occasionally makes what seems to me an over-elaborate argument for a viewpoint whose validity and worth no one would discredit, as in "The Unsung," a salute to all heroes of lost battles, of all desperate lost causes. Though she restates it eloquently, it is not a particularly original theme and brings to mind inevitably Masefield's "not for the portly potentates goodly in girth" or Hodgson's "Song

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of Honor" or those "who went forth to battle but always fell."

With the exception of these few echoes, forgivable enough, Mrs. Howard speaks in her own clear accents. She observes with accuracy and she has the ability to interpret what she sees in vividly descriptive phrases—"low bends the heavy courteous rose"; "the wild triumphant rusty calling" of wild geese; the waves that

Go with purple in their hair
And silver in their hands.

Sedate as worshippers they went,
Then came one more
Wild-faced and trembling; up he rose and beat
With clenched white fist the shore.

And she has that very important thing—the poetic imagination which seizes upon the perfect metaphor, as in "Wrist Watch," whose first stanza I quote:

This is death strapped upon my wrist;
Hooded in crystal, bound with leather thong
Upon the flesh in sullen patience rides
The falcon Time that shall pursue
The living heart
And bring it down,
The quick-caught breath
And bring it down,
The singing voice
And bring it down,
Drink the bright blood and break the flight
That seemed as natural as light.

"All Keys are Glass" is a first book by a poet of exceptional stature with promise and present accomplishment.

Among Sara Henderson Hay's poetic works are "This, My Letter" and "Field of Honor."

Frances Minturn Howard—"the enduring bone, the strict mind."

Search for Reality in New Haven

THE AURORAS OF AUTUMN. By Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 193 pp. $3.

By JEAN GARRIGUE

IN A DANDAICAL poem entitled "The Novel," where he is rather playfully engaged with the toughness of equating perception against what is but why is it, Wallace Stevens says: "The fire burned as the novel taught it how." This is playfulness. But it is playfulness on a theme central to this book: the old theme of Art versus Reality, the Real versus its twin, the Non-Real, the old theme of the World versus the Mind that must regard the World faithfully. Stevens has wrought as many subtle variations on this pliant theme as might a painter choosing to interpret the same subject under differing lights from differing vantage points over and over again. "Like a book at evening beautiful but untrue/like a book on rising beautiful and true."

Years ago in "Harmonium" Stevens announced his poetic intention: "He could not be content with counterfeit/With masquerade of thought, with hapless words . . . No, no, veracious page on page, exact." Until "He gripped more closely the Essential prose/ As being, in a world so falsified,/ The one integrity for him." So be it. These poems are that—"essential prose" of philosophical wit, working with "sharp informations, sharp, free knowledges"—poems on the mind considering the world . . . "That which thinks not, feels not, resembling thought, resembling feeling."

There are also poems about the poem, and then there are sheer lyrics, pure, weighty, marvelous. The muse of these lyrics is still "purple." But in general the muse of this sixth volume wears white and dictates in shades upon shades of white. Of course she too is still playful: with the old word-making—the boo-ha of the wind, the miff-maff-muff of water, the tink-tonk of the rain; the old dude words that gather around them the charm of being really untranslatable, words such as "tournamonde," for example; the old Latinities like *fulgor* that make such an awesome glitter in the midst of Saxon nouns. There are the old eccentric, oblique metaphor—"The sun stands like a Spaniard"—the virtuoso phrases—"fidgets of a fire," "a qualm of cold"—the operatic sighs of "bella," "buffo," "perdu"—and then sheer Stevensiana—"Effete green, the woman in black cassimere."

There are the old personae—Professor Eucalyptus has now joined the

Wallace Stevens—"a music to be sung in the mind."

ranks of those like Crispin or Nanzia Nunzio who boldly clap on masks of this lonely orator in space and clouds. But note: it is Professor Eucalyptus now, not merely a Polish Aunt, Peter Quince, or the lesser stage hands. And Professor Eucalyptus is not residing in Yucatan nor on the venereal soil of Florida. Professor Eucalyptus, like "a philosopher practising his scales," resides in New Haven, town of most essential prose, and he ruminates celestially, with just that prose purity and classic respect for things that Crispin went all out for in "Harmonium." Above all he ruminates in a "prose" of poetry so pure that it is like a music to be sung in the mind only. It has divested itself of caracole-cutting and figured somersault-turning, of delicate quiddities, and secretive, half-concealed antics. It is round now and out in the open, quiet, *white*, it is to be repeated, not *purple*. But why not?

For what is the subject of this "prose"? It is what Professor Eucalyptus said: "The search/For reality is as momentous as/The search for god." And the search for that is not in Yucatan or Florida but in New Haven, closest to home, where it always hurts the most. "Not grim Reality/But reality grimly seen/And spoken in paradisal parlance new." That is it; a part of the clue, too, to this old quest by the new Eucalyptus. Consider this dialogue in which the Visitor declares: "I am the angel of reality. . . I am one of you and being one of you/ Is being and knowing what I am and know./Yet I am the necessary angel

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of earth/Since in my sight you see the earth again,/Cleared of its stiff and stubborn, man-locked set."

Such is the subject matter of these still, quiet poems, so musical in meditation, as ever so removed from the speaker, delivered from so serene and radiant a distance.

Stevens has long been known as the esthetician of the eye, of the way things look. But he has always been as interested in the philosophy of looking at that apple of his eye, the object. "The plum survives its poems," he has said. The plum is still doing that. But the Word, too, is still transforming by redescribing a part of the plum. But the Word must see, and see hard, the essential integrity of the plum. Read Stevens, who is talking of roses (but it could be plums!): "We are two that use these roses as we are/In seeing them. This is what makes them seem/So far beyond the rhetorician's touch." So the angelic battle for the faithful way, the realest way of seeing things is sustained. While it is not to be forgotten that against that—

The plainness of plain things is savagry,
As: the last plainness of a man who has fought
Against illusion and was, in a great grinding

Of growling teeth, and falls at night, snuffed out
By the obese opiates of sleep.

Jean Garrigue is the author of "Ego and the Centaur."

Nor the Arc Narrowing

By Gustav Davidson

THE distance between us ocean-wide
(Nor the arc narrowing)
Nevertheless I sing
Your blue horizons
Your Illyrian spring.

Go
Teal-eyed nymph-breasted
Naiad-thighed
Leave all behind
In the broad glimmering wake
Of your adventuring wing.

Soon enough
In the rapture and unreason
Of first love
(And for one soul's sake)
Will all your golden journeyings end
And your heart
Break.

Nashsense Under One Roof

FAMILY REUNION. By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 146 pp. $2.50.

By DAVID MCCORD

IT MAY BE assumed that Ogden Nash is America's No. 1 family man. The title of "Family Reunion" therefore suggests a selection of the master's work as closely knit as the poet's knitting allows, with the notion in mind that any member of any family can read it with comfort and delight. The present selection which Mr. Nash has made fully lives up to this happy expectation. There are verses here for father, for mother, and verses about children and about various animals domestic, feral, and in between. I should not say that the verses about children are also *for* children, though I am not really sure that the whole book is not addressed to children as much as to beleaguered parents. I for one have never been quite satisfied with any previous selection of Mr. Nash's verse as representing the total area of his paper work. Somehow the present volume, assembled as it were under one leaky roof, is the volume for which one reader at least has been waiting. Some day the critics will either divide Mr. Nash's output into the bachelor and parent categories or else discover that by some osmotic process they are all for one and one for all. Just now it is too early to say.

In one sense "Family Reunion" is a series of selections. I had forgotten, if I ever knew, that Nash had written more than one verse about dogs, but he has. People who think that he is all froth and frivolity might do well to consider "For a Good Dog." It is a best of breed; so poignantly felt that the reader may find it difficult to turn again to lighter things. Or take the really beautiful "Tin Wedding Whistle." For honest sentiment controlled (as so many moderns fear it and cannot control it) give me the humorist with his guard for the moment down.

The animal and nature verses, apart from the three or four dog poems, are a little book in themselves. I hope some day that Mr. Nash's publisher will find his collective self in the mood to put all these and more together under one cover, with plenty of appropriate illustrations. No one save Belloc on a much smaller scale has ever approached them. No, not even the early A. P. Herbert, whose influence like that of Belloc is here mildly traceable in scattered pages.

But for all this trace—or any other, like that of Hoffenstein—any rereading of Nash (and this book is mostly rereading) but increases one's astonishment at the genuine originality of his voice and method. In the small world of light verse, as I have been at some pains to study it, he and he almost alone constantly seems to be saying things that have never been said before. Such as:

In far Tibet
There live a lama,
He got no poppa,
Got no momma,

He got no wife,
He got no chillun,
Got no use
For penicillun,

He got no soap,
He got no opera,
He don't know Irium
From copra . . .

He got no teeth,
He got no gums,
Don't eat no Spam,
Don't need no Tums . . .

Indeed, the
Ignorant Have-Not
Don't even know
What he don't got. . . .

If anyone has ever written anything like that before my name is Edward Lear. And curiously enough in all such marvelous writing there is for me the distant and gentle undertone of sadness, from which true nonsense is perhaps never entirely separated. But when Mr. Nash consciously tries his hand at nonsense where many of the words are freshminted nonsense, too, he comes a cropper. "Jabberwocky" succeeds where Nash's "Geddondillo" does not. I see nothing funny in

Appetency lights the corb of the guzzard now,
The ancient beveldric it otley lost . . .

This is not even as successful as the T. S. Eliot imitations of Lear. Thackeray could do it and one or two others. *Finem respice.*

The main thing is that we have Ogden Nash, nearly always his own unstudied self. In this evil world and at this evil hour, his voice is something beyond price.

A husband at a lecture
Twitches his architecture.

Nash defies a lecture or a book review or quibbling or even the will not to read him. You are simply a part of this family reunion. We all are.

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Poetry Notes

DECLENSIONS OF THE AIR. By Louis Kent. Dutton. $2.75.

Stay, foot, now do not lift among the leaping
Stones. Steady, my heel, stay home, keeping
The solid course though capering roots desert
For giddy air. Be oaken, thigh, assert
The lonely, late prerogative of towers
To stand when elements are tossed like flowers.

Let the glazed eye alone follow the whirling
Landscape up, around, away; the skirling
Of all founded certainties that now uprise
Like endless vanities from vain surmise:
On thistle-tops the milk-white moths were fielding
Here, when suddenly the burly oak, yielding
Strange thistle seed, was blown into the sky—
Steady, my heel, stay home! Hold fast, mine eye!

It's not the best or the worst poem in Louis Kent's first volume, this poem entitled "Vortex," but it's fairly typical. A nice effect, that leaping at the end of the first line, with the stones falling solid in the next, period. The proper jerkiness of that second line, like catching the breath. I hadn't thought of roots as capering but maybe that compensated for the triteness of giddy air. I couldn't take the conceit of the next two lines, though, nor that hoary rhyme justified by nothing better than the image of earth, air, fire, and water being dispensed like bits of the Daisy Chain. But now in the second section, as the idea attenuates, rhyme and rhetoric really take over. Not enough that the landscape whirls; it whirls in three directions. Vanities must be endless. Keats's wild surmise becomes pedestrianly vain. The burly oak rears its familiar head. And mine eye painfully closes.

Allegorically speaking, of course. How many poems couldn't one do it to? The point is rather that Louis Kent has gifts for description, epigram, and music but follows the line of least resistance. It is all too pat. Mellifluous enough for *SRL*. Tart enough for *The New Yorker*. Ambiguous enough for *Poetry*. Smart enough for *Horizon*. But one cannot help hoping that in his next book he will sink his teeth bravely enough into a theme that really moves him, letting the fine, polished pieces of style fall where they may. —SELDEN RODMAN.

BRONZE FRIEZE. By N. H. Brettell. Oxford University Press. $1.50. These poems, "mostly Rhodesian" to quote the subtitle, bring to mind the rising challenge of a literature below the tropic of Capricorn, where the seasons are reversed and language has curious new epithets and images. While the dominance of the poets of the Northern hemisphere is not likely to be upset by Mr. Brettell, who is a competent and leisurely bard of Rhodesia, he does write well within his chosen range of idea and observation. He introduces local color without ostentation. His diction is modern without mannerism. He has metaphysical enterprise without obscurity or pretense.

In his eloquent tribute to the missioner, Rev. Arthur Shearly Cripps, "Maronda Mashanu'' (The Five Wounds), Brettell presents the local figure "the green corn's assegai," which might be an Iowa cliché for "the green corn's spear." However, the poem is better than any of its lines:

Brooding alone, my sullen memories:
No clean-etched line of flute or dancer,
But jig-saw fragments tumbled in a box,
Half-evil glint of faces I dare not remember,
Phantom of kloof and kopje loved long since.
And now forgot.

Although Brettell was born in London and he speaks with a universal tongue, his poetic costume is African, for he sees:

Night, the Negro mother with bosom deep,
stone lips sullen with the weight of bars,
bearing her babe into the cavern of sleep.

The shorter lyrics are well wrought, especially the "Autumn Song" to the bird which makes a song from "two cracked notes." The "Wind at the Funeral" contains excellent and unstrained figures, even the daring but successful

The wind rises, the priest's vestments wave
Like a newspaper sheet read idly and thrown away.

Brettell uses rhyme with skill and pleasing variation, but is not quite as successful in short unrhymed lines, which invite too much rhetorical decoration. —A. M. SULLIVAN.

NIGHT CRY. By Irene Bruce. Poetry West, Reno, Nev. $2. Miss Bruce, whose work has appeared in the safe little magazines, writes in both the free and traditional forms. She is not bound by any particular school, but she seems to be torn between free verse and the more rigid requirements of traditional poetry. Two or three lyrics have immediacy and are technically more skilfully turned than her sonnets. When she favors the imagists her real strength appears. She surprises in "Sea Shell" by the use of "else" as a noun: "Here in the secret ear of echo! near the green realm of endless else! roars the reflected all."

—I. L. SALOMON.

THE FIRE'S CENTER. By Henry Goddard Leach. Fine Editions Press, New York. $2.75. The unveiling of a modest book of verse comes as a surprise to the friends of Henry Goddard Leach, servant of the muse for most of his long life as an editor and educator. That he occasionally leaped into the saddle of Pegasus was a private matter, made public by his friends Robert Hillyer, Walter Hinchman, and Gustav Davidson. The foreword is written by Hillyer, who pays tribute to Dr. Leach's years of service to Scandinavian literature and especially to his aid to the Viking poets. For all of his sparse efforts, the poems of Dr. Leach are firm in technical handling if not adventurous or modern in diction. He writes a sturdy sonnet, a fair ode, a tight quatrain. His ideas are random and unpretentious—from an observation from the window of the *Twentieth Century Limited* to the classical "The Song of Archilos, the Hoplite." The harvest is thin but the yield is good. His love poems have a high level of sentiment, and the gnomic quality of the quatrains at times rises above the traps of the didactic, as in "Another Spring," which ends:

"Life is short," she said.
He said, "But love is long."
"God make us wise," she said.
He said, "God make us strong."

—A. M. S.

BEAUTY AND THE UNIVERSE. By Alexander Carl Astwood. Bruce Humphries, Boston. $2.75. Mr. Astwood has skilfully captured entire the defects of poetry in the romantic tradition. He oh's and ah's and ye's and thou's, as he exhorts, commands, and challenges man not to withhold himself from thought with a capital T. The imprint of immature poetic accomplishment is in every line, and never more so than in his "Ode to Keats," where "My heart aches, too, grim muse." Poetry aside, Mr. Astwood has a commendable awareness about the worthwhile things in life.

—I. L. S.

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!!! aba ???

MERLE MILLER

ALTHOUGH most writers have never heard of him, Donald Gordon, a paunchy, balding man with mild blue eyes hidden behind bifocals and the careless manner of a popular, easy-going high-school teacher of English, is probably the most influential book reviewer alive.

His opinions are seldom seen by the general public, but along with Virginia Kirkus, who runs her own Book Shop Service, Francis Ludlow of *The Retail Bookseller*, and Alice Hackett, who each week evaluates a few of the top books for *Publishers' Weekly*, Gordon every month tells booksellers and librarians which volumes they ought to stock — and which they should ignore.

In his unpretentious, typically suburban home in Westfield, New Jersey, Gordon this year alone will have read nearly 500 books and scanned and appraised four times that many more. During the last twenty-one years he estimates he has read in the neighborhod of 8,000 books and told rental and public librarians and bookstore proprietors how he thinks those and some 25,000 other volumes, fiction and non-fiction, will sell. What's more, he is almost never wrong. A recent survey of his judgments over the years shows that he has been 85 to 90 per cent correct.

Gordon is the editor of and writes all the copy for *The American News of Books: A Monthly Estimate of Demand for Forthcoming Books*, a publication which the American News Company, the world's largest book wholesaler (this year it will distribute about a million volumes), sends free to 25,000 book buyers. The news company purchases nearly a quarter of all the non-technical books sold, and thousands of retailers and librarians decide which titles and how many of each they'll purchase only after reading Gordon's opinions.

Despite his influence in the world of letters Gordon is a studiedly unliterary man. As a boy he read almost everything except the classics ("some of which wouldn't sell a thousand copies today if they had different titles and unknown names on the cover"), but he didn't bother to graduate from high school. "I had to take some more Latin to get a diploma; so after the football season I took off."

As a result, nowadays Gordon often feels somewhat overwhelmed when reminded of his awesome power in the book trade. "Things," he says philosophically, "work out funny."

His training for his present occupation consisted of a routine job with an export-import firm, a succession of three minor "and damnably dull" positions in New York banks, an uninspired year in his father's real-estate office in Westfield, and two years as the co-proprietor of a bookstore there rather ostentatiously called "The Lantern." "We were pretty arty," he confesses.

But the store closed its doors early in 1929. "There just wasn't enough business," Gordon explains. The experience cost him about what a college education would have, but he's inclined to think it's been worth much more. In August of that year he published the initial issue of his magazine, thus becoming the first "book handicapper." The publication was a success and continues so, partly "because when I read a book, in addition to my own judgment I try to imagine what proportion of the people who came to our store would go for it." In addition, in evaluating a book's commercial chances Gordon considers the author's prestige, what the publisher intends to do for the book, what he actually can do ("and there's a difference"), and what Gordon calls "reader preferences and prejudices."

In the August 1929 issue of his magazine (pocket-sized, the type size and the number of pages varying according to the number of books mentioned) Gordon predicted that Ellen Glasgow's "They Stooped to Folly," would be a big best seller. "The great multitude who choose their books for the 'vicarious' kicks experienced will cry for it," he wrote, "and then talk about how awfully 'riskay' it was. Others will appreciate it for what it is—a fine character and psychological study." That same month he predicted that a young English author named J. B. Priestley would have a success with his "The Good Companions."

Neither Gordon's rarely erring judgments nor his earthy style have changed much since. For instance, his short appraisal of Ernest Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" was pointedly brief. In discussing the ailing American colonel and the nineteen-year-old Italian countess, "whom he addressed as Daughter," Gordon observed that "the relationship ain't otherwise paternal. . . . We've a notion," he added mysteriously, "that the book is quite revealing." But he warned, "They'll be clamoring for it."

Although he recognized the sales potential of the book, Gordon didn't care much for Jeremiah Beaumont, the protagonist of Robert Penn Warren's "World Enough and Time." Beaumont, he told his readers, is "a young man who today would be labeled a sad sack and a screwball by anyone from the age of thirteen up. It's difficult for readers to be patient with the jerk." Nevertheless, presumably on the basis of Warren's reputation and the publisher's substantial advertising appropriation, Gordon gave the book one of his top ratings, "aba."

THE first letter in Gordon's code refers to the way he thinks a book will rent, the second to its sales possibilities in bookstores, the third its suitability for small public libraries. The letters range from "a—essential" to "d—doubtful" and "o—very doubtful." Occasionally, as with Russel Janney's recent narrative poem, "The Vision of Red O'Shea," he gives up and prefaces his one-paragraph review with a series of question marks (???) meaning "Unpredictable. Possibilities. Consider your patronage." In rare moments of exuberance, however, as with Betty MacDonald's "The Egg and I," he is so sure of himself that he precedes his comments with three exclamation marks (!!!). When that happens the book almost inevitably reaches the top of the best-seller list within a few weeks.

But Gordon has been resoundingly wrong. He wasn't at all sure about the popularity of Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," but he hastened to add, "Our queries on this novel do not question the quality; that's obvious."

When Kathleen Winsor's first novel came along Gordon wrote, "Amber isn't convincing and we doubt that many readers will take to her greatly." Several million readers did—the publishers decline to reveal just how many—but Gordon is inclined to think Miss Winsor's widely publicized photograph had more to do with it than her prose.

He also gives up when confronted with the fantastic success of Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead," a book he still dismisses as "a pretentious stinker in which most of the characters fly off into almost orgiastic tizzies at the sight of a well-proportioned

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garage. There isn't a revealing light speech in it." He thinks perhaps readers enjoyed the book because of a character named Keating, a malodorous type capable of almost any villainy—and of impressive success. "That one was well drawn, and the lady customers do respond to a powerful villain."

As for "reader preferences and prejudices," Gordon recognizes that they're variable — partly with the times, partly depending on the skill of the author. For instance, owing to Richard Wright's impressive talent, "Native Son" was able to succeed despite what Gordon calls "the usually smothering apathy of entertainment-seekers who bleat to the rental librarian: 'I just don't feel like reading about Negro problems tonight. Haven't you got a good historical?' "

Notwithstanding obvious exceptions Gordon feels that novels written in the first person have to fight harder for an audience, that books with a foreign setting (except Paris) usually lose out to those laid in the United States, although he thinks it's possible that the traveling experiences of several million ex-soldiers may change that.

As for the generally accepted cliché that sex will sell books, Gordon disagrees. "The day of Elinor Glyn, when a couch scene sent the Local Ladies Literary Circle twittering, is all over; try to find a modern novel without one in the remainder stacks. True, something as brash as Edmund Wilson's blonde interlude in 'Hecate County' will bring the curious along with the literary gendarmes. Reading in advance I didn't get up to that notorious passage and later had to go back to see what all the shooting was about. But otherwise I think the public has pretty well grown up when it comes to sex in books."

WHAT makes a best-selling novel, then? Gordon looked uncomfortable and took another sizable sip of his highball. "That's a big one, ain't it, and it couldn't be answered in less than a week's writing, after which letters would come in proving that in at least a dozen instances I'd made a jackass of myself.

"Isabel Paterson once wrote me that whatever it is a best seller has, it has more of it than other novels to a plus degree. I agreed. Of course, we're both thinking about novels people really like, not the kind that are imposed by ballyhoo, selected quotes, and sheep-dog pressure.

"Ferris Greenslet in his memoirs wrote of sticking his thumb into a random manuscript in hope that it would 'bleed'; I know what he meant, because they do—the good ones. They move the reader; he or she, probably —for women are the real book buyers—gets herself involved in the hopes and prospects and fate of the characters. In other words, with a really good novel you care. That's the prime test, whether it's a comic strip or a serious novel."

Gordon sampled the scotch again. "That doesn't answer everything does it? But it's part."

He isn't at all surprised that so many "costume"—a word he feels is more accurate in describing the genre than "historical" — novels succeed. That was also true forty years ago when seven-year-old Donald Gordon was plowing through "Prisoner of Zenda," "To Have and To Hold," and "Scarlet Pimpernel." He feels the "costume" has become as much of a category as the Western or mystery.

Gordon plays an occasional and only fair game of golf at the country club in Westfield and is looked upon with considerable awe because he only goes to New York two or three days a month to read proof. "Most of them think I really don't do any work."

Unless the author is someone of the caliber of Walter Van Tilburg Clark Gordon's standard comment on Westerns is just, "Hosses 'n' guns," but he does pay considerable attention to mysteries. "For a while there the level of competence among mystery authors was higher than that in novelists of more pretensions. In that category the technical demands were more exacting, and they were writing better dialogue than most. I'm not sure that's true now."

In 1932 after reading a now-neglected and routine mystery Gordon invented the word "whodunit" to describe the plot. Since then the contraction has been officially attributed in H. L. Mencken's "The American Language," and Gordon can hardly turn on the radio or attend a movie without hearing it, never without considerable pleasure.

Except when he's at his typewriter in a tiny, galley-cluttered upstairs den Gordon works all over the house and even, on bright days, outside. Since almost all of his reading is from cumbersome, unbound galley proofs

a lot of his time is spent prone, on the couch or floor. "Otherwise," he says, "I'd get callouses."

From the tenth of the month, his deadline for receiving material on books to be published two months hence, until around the twenty-fifth Gordon averages a fifteen-hour day and often works until three or four in the morning, "in which case I sleep an extra hour."

Sometimes instead of reading books in order he gets into a novel just because he thinks it'll interest him, but he is singularly uncommunicative about his own tastes. There are, he is certain, only a few authors whose books almost automatically become best sellers. He mentioned Hemingway, Steinbeck (when he does a full-length novel), Marquand, Cronin, Caldwell (Taylor, of course), and Keyes. "There may," he added cautiously, "be one or two others."

With a first novel "after finding out whether the publisher has placed it at the head or foot of his list I read by ear. It doesn't take many pages to find out whether the author writes compellingly, has an ear for in-character speech, and knows how to develop a story." But when it comes to what he calls "the obscurity boys and girls, the ones praised for the delicacy with which profound symbolism is concealed in gossamer strands of prose," Gordon says, "I can't be bothered. The first duty of the novelist is to seize and hold his reader.

"Even the first paragraph is important, and too many authors don't seem to have caught on to that. I've read for more than a hundred pages in a lot of novels before the writer even deigned to give me a clue as to why I should be interested in his characters. God knows I'm not suggesting, 'Desiree sneered and shot him in the guts' as an opener, but one old, good, and perfectly proper device is to have the protagonist going somewhere. Then the writer can either get inside his brain or just follow and observe. All that's just elemental initial suspense; but some of the boys want to astound the customers immediately with their pretty rhetoric. It can be done but it almost never is."

Despite twenty-one years of going through at least one, often two, books a day Gordon doesn't use any tricks to speed up his reading—and won't. "I'll scan if an author allows it, but no one can use that page-at-a-glance technique with a first-rate writer.

"You wanted to know why my magazine is so successful? Well, I've retained my curiosity—and I think I always will. Another thing is that people know there's no bias; it's all my honest opinion. Publishers know I don't care whose best sellers we sell."

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The Age of the Big Trap

Taegu, Korea.

TAEGU, key city in South Korea and the military headquarters of the United Nations forces, can tell you more about our age and the world we live in than a convention of historians. This is where the principal problems of the twentieth century come into sharp and dramatic focus. And this is where the predicament of the individual in our time is defined with blazing intensity.

In the classroom of Taegu there are 750,000 teachers—all of them supremely qualified experts. They know all there is to know about war, political terror, hunger, homelessness, and heartbreak. They are the war refugees. Three times they had to carry their packs and their little worlds on their backs. Three times they have tried to outrun violence and failed. Ever since the Communist breakthrough in North Korea and especially since the fall of Seoul and Suwon they have been streaming into Taegu. They have been coming to Taegu not because they expect that Taegu can hold out but because they expect that the Americans will help them find food and refuge somewhere. Moreover, Taegu is the funnel to the southern tip of Korea — the farthest you can go before the battlefield runs into the sea.

All day I watched them—countless thousands of them — as they pressed into Taegu. They came in the snow and the rain. They came by truck and bicycle and oxcart. They came in open freight cars, piled high atop each other until they spilled over the sides and ends, clinging to the rungs, riding between the cars, hugging the iron underbelly. But mostly they came on foot, lugging their cumbersome bundles and carrying their babies on their backs. One woman I saw was pregnant and seemed to be approaching full term; she had a year-old infant strapped to her back and a three-year-old in her arms. On her head she balanced a large blanket-tied bundle. Her husband was not with her. Another young woman of perhaps twenty-five, one shoe missing, was frantically cutting in and out of the crowd, looking for a missing child. There were many lost children from which to choose. You seldom saw complete families.

A venerable Korean man of seventy, wearing the traditional clothes and the tall stovepipe hat of the Korean patriarchs, was coughing blood and seemed ready to give up. Other elderly men and women, heavy bags on their heads or backs, struggled to keep up with the procession. Their faces were taut, their eyes deep-set and blank. A young girl of fifteen or sixteen became hysterical and started to hit out at the military vehicles trying to squeeze through. She slapped at the cars with rags and laughed and screamed with mad delight as they veered to avoid hitting her. Another girl of about the same age, her head swathed in a bulky, dirty bandage, wandered around just looking.

They kept coming and coming, clogging the heart of the city, and they put down their bundles and waited. Near the large open area of the railroad station they jammed the main thoroughfares, making it difficult for the rolling machines of war—the lorries and supply trucks and darting jeeps—to get through. Every once in a while screeching brakes would announce a near-accident, and not infrequently someone would be hit. Then the Korean military police would rush into action, yelling and screaming at the people and using their menacing submachine guns as prods. Every once in a while, too, the police would have to clear a path through the crowd for the marching Korean soldiers on their way to the front. They sang as they marched, their loud but uneven voices clashing with the sounds of the crowd and the banging, banging, banging of the heavy trucks bouncing along the hard, rutted roads.

The problem of getting military transportation through the city on the main north-south road became increasingly acute. Along about five o'clock on the afternoon of my second day in Taegu two-way traffic became impossible and the United Nations military police worked furiously to reroute traffic from the north in order to give right of way on the main road to supply trucks moving up to the fighting front.

DURING the night the authorities apparently made a heart-breaking decision. I learned about it when I returned to the vicinity of the railroad station in the morning. The entire area had been blocked off. I was startled to see that the streets were virtually empty. I went up to an American M.P. directing the fast-moving, two-way traffic and asked him about it.

"They were sent back north last night," he said simply. I was certain I had misunderstood him and asked him to repeat.

"Just like I said, mister. North, north, north. Orders came through last night."

I could hardly believe it. "We didn't send them back into that hell?" I asked. "You're not serious?"

"Look, mister," he said with some irritation. "I only told you what I know. Traffic was all fouled up. Orders came to clear them out. They put road blocks on the roads going south to keep the refugees from jamming these roads any more than they are now. The only place left to send them was north, on the other side of the river where they can fan out so's not to stop traffic. Most of them are trying to get back into the city again but they tell me the road up there is pretty well sealed off."

The M.P. remained silent a moment. He had a faraway look as though he had seen something he was trying hard to forget.

"You oughta be able to figure it out for yourself," he said. "It was plenty rough. It turned my stomach. First the Korean police tried to get them up off their bags and on their feet so's

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to start moving. But soon as the people realized what was up they sat down hard and closed their ears. Then the police waded into them like they was so much cattle, working them over with the butt ends of their guns and clubs, screaming and yelling at them, and shoving them forward. Once they started moving the toughest part was over. They were pushed in that direction"—he pointed north—"and the police kept riding herd until the street was cleared and they were out of the city." He looked at me, then turned away.

"Okay, mister, you needn't look at me like I did it. No one could do nothing about it. You couldn't do nothing if you tried. That's just it in this mucked-up war—people getting the hell kicked out of them no matter what they do or where they turn and no one can do nothing. I kept wanting to yell out at the Korean police as these people were being pushed back towards the Commies. I wanted to say, 'Stop shoving, you stupid bastards. These are the people we're supposed to be liberating, remember? Put down those rifle butts and leave these people alone, leave 'em rest.'

"Sure, it was easy to want to say it," the M.P. continued, "but who would listen? What good would it do? So I just watched hard, like you're watching me now."

* * *

Taegu is symbolic of our time as is perhaps no other city in the world, not excluding Hiroshima. It symbolizes most of all the individual in retreat and without refuge. It symbolizes the Age of the Great Trap—a trap which not only awaits but pursues the individual. One by one the escape hatches are being closed down. Man's sanctuaries are becoming increasingly rare, increasingly remote. Instead there are clubs and rifle ends to beat him back. He is being ground down into impersonal animation.

Has there ever been a time when so many people in so many places were thus desperately seeking escape from political terror or from war? Has there ever been a time when there were so many locked doors? Once not so long ago the refugee captured the conscience of more fortunate peoples. A single individual fleeing from injustice or misery would find other individuals and even nations springing to his defense. An earthquake would erupt and several hundreds would be made homeless; instantly mercy would be mobilized and put into action.

But today there is the feeling that the problem has gone out of hand. The challenge is so great that a bad case of heart-hardening has set in. Those on the outside, in failing to provide a refuge for the unfortunate and the damned, have synthesized a refuge of their own. Their escape is safety in numbers. If the tragedy engulfs enough people it apparently loses its raw edge of reality, converting benefactors into spectators.

—*European.*

"They know all there is to know about war, terror, hunger, homelessness, and heartbreak."

But the greatest tragedy of all, perhaps, is the fatal separation between man caught in the great trap and man who wants to help but cannot. Consider the case of the American M.P. completely hemmed in by legalisms and uniforms and regulations and conditions beyond his control. "I couldn't do nothing about it," he said, and he was right. His helplessness was formalized, certified, underwritten by society itself. For he, too, is caught in a giant trap too large to argue with or comprehend. The problem is not proximity; indeed you are close enough to touch, but no matter how close you get there is no contact. It is a nightmare in which the drowning man reaches out to grasp an outstretched hand only to find nothingness, in which, too, the man in the boat reaches out to help only to find himself shrouded in futility.

NO ONE knows what the military outcome of the campaign in Korea will be. We are facing great odds and we may not be able to hold on. But if we are forced to abandon Korea we need not also abandon the Korean people in whose name we declared we went into Korea in the first place. This planet is much smaller than it used to be and it is shrinking fast, but it is not so small that there is no room on it for people who believed us when we proclaimed ourselves their friends and benefactors.

Is there any reason why we should not bring this issue before the United Nations, pressing hard and mightily for an adequate program in behalf of the Koreans? It would require an armada of ships that would dwarf Dunkirk, and many nations would have to come forward to offer a haven until such time at least as the world becomes sane again. It would be the largest operation in the name of mercy and simple justice in our age.

Faced with such a challenge it can be expected that self-proclaimed "realists" and "practical" men — the men of stunted conscience and mechanical reflexes—will come forward and find a thousand reasons why this cannot be done. They will talk about immigration quotas and overcrowding and insufficient shipping and unemployment and all the other supposedly practical objections to such a mobilization for mercy. And if the people of America and the free world have turned cold they will listen to these practical men and continue to count their conveniences instead of their obligations. But if there is still something left in us which is willing to face up to any challenge so long as the cause is just—then all seeming impossibilities can be thrust aside.

We have spoken a great deal about the need to invoke bold visions at a time of unrest and ideological conflict. Here is a chance to do something that might electrify the world's imagination and give us a moral standing in history which no amount of military misfortune could offset. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

America and the Mind of Europe

SIR: "America and the Mind of Europe" [*SRL* Jan. 13] was not only a wonderful issue of the magazine but a splendid service to the people of America. I know I got from it more enlightenment than from any issue of a magazine I have read in a long time.

JONATHAN DANIELS,
Editor,
The News and Observer.
Raleigh, N. C.

SIR: CONGRATULATIONS YOUR ISSUE WHICH IS AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING.

HAMISH HAMILTON.
LONDON, ENG.

SIR: This is the finest thing I have seen on the central problem of our time—whether America has the moral and intellectual guts to match her present economic and political influence in the world.

BRADFORD SMITH.
Shaftsbury, Vt.

SIR: I think you are quite right implicitly and explicitly to point to the paradox that at a moment of resurging isolationism it should become perfectly obvious that the intellectual and artistic give-and-take between America and Europe is becoming increasingly more fruitful. No animosity of the one continent towards the other can conceal the fact that the curiosity in what the other is doing is more eager and, I think, more productive now than it has ever been before. I hope the issue will be read widely by isolationists and internationalists on both sides of the Atlantic.

VICTOR LANGE.
Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: As one of the so-called younger generation now coming of age let me give a few of my thoughts as I read this special number. My earliest recollections of Europe are of a war-torn continent shattered by despair. This picture is, to be sure, a product of the last war as seen through the media of motion pictures, magazines, and newspapers. At long last you have shown that Europe is coming to the surface for a new breath of life.

Some criticisms of the United States, as set forth by the authors in this special number, are perfectly justified; but in some way it must be shown that we in America, the younger generation in particular, now begin to see that more help is needed there, constructive help. I think most Americans, deep within their hearts, are ready and willing to come forward with this help—be it in the form of a Marshall Plan or any other plans set forth by our leaders.

The people of Europe in two great wars have taken a licking. We should like them to know that we are not unmindful of their sacrifices. Much has been said and much money has been spent to put Europe back on its feet—a great proportion of this help has come from America. I think the help should be continued at the discretion of those whose job it is to disseminate this aid.

DONALD S. FREEMAN.
Waterville, Me.

"Get this, Harry. The police commissioner has decided to ban 'The Confessions of St. Augustine' and Classic-Culture Publishers expect to make a fortune!"

SIR: Denis de Rougement ["The Conquest of Anarchy," *SRL* Jan. 13] diagnoses Europe's soul sickness with clarity and skill—that paralysis of will and heart which gripped the democracies when the barbarians of the Right were mobilizing their legions and which grips them again as the barbarians of the Left flaunt their naked power. He shows that Europe is suffering from lack of faith and lack of spiritual direction.

European federation is the remedy which he proposes to bind Europe's wounds together and to heal her soul. In proposing this remedy I feel he shows great perception; for more than anything else federalism is the religion of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man applied to the political field. In this religion lies our ultimate hope.

De Rougement's weakness, as far as this article is concerned, is that he does not bring out clearly the fact that federalism is more than just the medicine for *Europe's* maladies—it is the answer to the *world's* psychosis. Only through world federation can the world's wounds be bound. Only through world federation can the lost fragments of personality be brought together. Let us make the transformation of the United Nations into a limited world federal government a fundamental objective of our foreign policy.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.
La Canada, Calif.

SIR: The issue is a valuable contribution to transatlantic understanding. However, the somber tone of most of the articles seems to indicate that there is very little hope that Europe can survive either physically or culturally. This pessimistic note pervades the whole issue.

Nevertheless, I feel there is still hope. Man's reason will come to his rescue before the bell tolls for his annihilation. Arthur Koestler puts it falsely, albeit persuasively, when he says that the choice is between relative freedom and total unfreedom. (I'm glad to see he avoided that nauseating phrase the "free world.") Actually the real choice is between peace and total destruction. I am inclined to think that the voice for peace will rise so loud and strong that neither Truman nor Acheson, Stalin nor Mao will be able to resist it.

HERBERT M. ORRELL.
Woodside, N. Y.

SIR: This year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the American Library Association. The theme for our seventy-fifth anniversary is the Heritage of the USA in Times of Crisis. I feel that *The Saturday Review* in publishing this issue may well have fired the opening gun in the celebration of our anniversary year.

To me this is another example of the long established and extremely satisfactory relation between *The Saturday Review of Literature* and the libraries of the United States of America. May this relationship grow even stronger through the coming years.

C. R. GRAHAM,
President,
American Library Ass'n.
Chicago, Ill.

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Seeing Things

"PEOPLE'S ARTIST"

AT THE third cross-examination Gletkin had said, "Your testimony at the trial will be the last service you can do the Party." He was speaking to Rubashov, one of the revered makers of the Revolution, who was facing sentence of death on some trumped-up charges of counter-revolutionary activities. As everyone knows who has read Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" or seen Sidney Kingsley's dramatization of it, Rubashov did go to his death, having performed his final service to the Party by telling the expected lie.

"Citizen Judges," he had said at the travesty of justice which was his trial. "Citizen Judges, covered with shame, trampled in the dust, about to die, I will describe to you the sad progress of a traitor, that it may serve as a lesson and terrifying example to the millions of our country. . . ."

Such words of self-abasement have a familiar ring. They fit into a pattern the contemporary world has come to know all too well. They may still seem incredible to men whose minds are free. They may sicken those who live in countries accustomed to prizing the individual. Even so, every sudden shift in the Kremlin's policy, every purge that such a shift has brought about, and every public trial staged in Moscow have forced us in spite of the stubbornness of our disbelief to expect such a crumbling of will and distortion of truth.

If I come back to Rubashov after having reviewed "Darkness at Noon" here last week, it is because since then I have read with fascination and a heavy heart "Taming of the Arts."* This is a backstage account of what happened between 1930 and 1940 to music and the theatre under the Soviet dictatorship. Its author is Juri Jelagin, a Russian-born violinist, who was intimately acquainted with the artists of Moscow. Formerly he was attached to the Vakhtangov Theatre. He then became a member of the Moscow Conservatory. As a soloist, his concerts carried him on tours even to Siberia. During the war he was captured by the Germans and deported. Since then he has come to this country and is now with the Houston Symphony.

In Mr. Jelagin's pages can be found the words spoken publicly by another famous revolutionary figure when he, too, had fallen into disfavor. In this instance the speaker was not a fictional character. He was Vsevolod Meyerhold, one of the modern theatre's best known directors, the first important manager to proclaim himself a Communist in the days of the Revolution, and a leader of the Soviet stage so outstanding that he had long since been made a "People's Artist."

There are hundreds of incidents in "Taming of the Arts" dealing with the strange and unhappy experiences of such artists as Stanislavsky, Tairov, Kachalov, Maxim Gorky, Aleksey Tolstoy, Vakhtangov, and Shostakovich, which tempt me to touch upon them. There are stories about Stalin, his sudden telephone calls, his likes and dislikes in music and the drama, and the ordeal of an actor who understandably lost his voice when he had to impersonate Uncle Joe with Stalin in the audience, which I find hard to resist retelling. There is the cumulative picture, drawn unforgettably by Mr. Jelagin, of the dizzying privileges, the abrupt reprimands, merciless dismissals, and general uneasiness of Soviet artists that I should like to discuss at length. But if I single out Meyerhold's story and concentrate upon it I have my personal reasons for doing so.

I met Meyerhold three or four times in Paris in the distant summer of 1928. He was then at the height of his power, an imperious looking man to whom command came naturally. His face was thin and decisive. There was no mistaking his force or the fact that he was accustomed to acclaim. Indeed, he was so highly regarded by his government that his theatre had been chosen to represent the USSR at the International Season Gemier was holding at the Odeon. How I met him I cannot remember, but I also met his actress-wife, Zinaida Raikh, a pretty brunette who, as I recall her, resembled a somewhat plump version of Pola Negri. With the aid of a French woman who acted as interpreter we managed to carry on the semblance of conversations.

I was then on the staff of the old *Theatre Arts Monthly* and was very anxious to go to Russia in order to study its stage. I had tried without success in London, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Berlin to get permission to enter the Soviet Union in those days when we had no diplomatic relations. Had it not been for Meyerhold my request would have been turned down again in Paris. He, however, was kind enough to take my case in hand, and I soon realized how powerful his hand was. He took me to the Soviet Embassy, put in a long distance call to Moscow, and within a few days I received my permit. It was as simple as that. Meyerhold's helpfulness did not stop there. He insisted, since he would be in Paris, that my friend and I should stay at his apartment in Moscow during the two weeks we were allowed to remain in Russia. On our arrival his secretary met us with a car at the airport, and everything during our visit was made the easier because of the magic of his name.

ALL this, as I say, was in 1928. At that time the Soviet theatre, in spite of its wearisome preoccupation with propagandist themes, was extraordinarily stimulating in its production techniques. Its vitality was tremendous. Its importance as a means of mass instruction was recognized by the authorities. Its artists enjoyed exceptional privileges. Its offerings were of many kinds and styles. The battle line had not yet been drawn between "bourgeois formalism" and "socialistic realism," whatever those mystifying terms may mean.

In that throbbing world of the Soviet stage no person was more dominant or more respected than Meyerhold. He was the high priest of the revolutionary theatre, the innovator of innovators, the radical of radicals, the champion of Constructivism, and the creator of such renowned experimental productions as his tradition-destroying "The Inspector-General" and "Roar China." He had won the idolatry of the Party's leaders by asking actors not to look upon themselves as stars but as "instruments for social manifestoes," by relegating to the past the "soul junk" and "rickety ego" of bourgeois characters, and insisting that what mattered most behind the footlights was the glorification of the "unindividual."

Meyerhold's apartment, in which I stayed, may have been a squalid, bug-infested, and dreary dump. But the government was building a beautiful new apartment house for him and his

*TAMING OF THE ARTS. By Juri Jelagin. Translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 333 pp. $3.50.

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company. It was also planning to reward him by constructing a brand new playhouse, startling in its unorthodoxies. Though the ground was broken for this new theatre in 1934, the building was never to be completed. For soon thereafter Meyerhold himself was to learn how treacherous is the quicksand of official Soviet approval.

Mr. Jelagin reminds us that the atmosphere in Moscow began to change in 1934 when Kirov, one of Stalin's closest friends, was murdered. Two years later the terror was felt by everyone. Arrests were wholesale. The first of the great public trials had taken place. The one-time head of the NKVD had been arrested and the merciless Nikolai Yezhov had replaced him. Theatre after theatre became suspect. Shostakovich, who later was to recant in words very similar to Rubashov's, was denounced. Meyerhold enjoyed no immunity. He too was castigated. In 1936 he had dared to present his wife in a production of "Camille" which was sensitive and restrained and innocent of all the expected stunts. About the same time for the Leningrad opera he staged Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" in an equally restrained manner.

Instantly *Pravda* turned its guns upon him. His theatre was described as being "foreign." Meyerhold was denounced as "the father of formalism." He was charged with having exercised a pernicious influence on other directors. He was singled out as the spokesman for hostile, anti-national tendencies. He was condemned for his desecrations of the classics. Most terrible of all it was pointed out that in 1920 he had dedicated one of his pro-

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ductions to Leon Trotsky. Mr. Jelagin tells us that a few days after the appearance of the *Pravda* denunciation the Party took action. Meyerhold's theatre was liquidated by government decree, and the Committee on Arts ordered all the playhouses in the Soviet Union to hold meetings at which actors and directors were to condemn Meyerhold and endorse the government's procedure.

Meyerhold himself was not arrested. Being out of favor, however, meant that he was out of work. The only person in Moscow brave enough to offer him a job was old Stanislavsky. Meanwhile the imprisonments and executions of artists multiplied. By 1938 it began to seem, according to Mr. Jelagin, as if the government were prepared to forgive Meyerhold. His name started to reappear in the press uncoupled with such adjectives as "formalistic" or "decadent." In June 1939 he was even asked by the Committee on Arts to be one of the speakers at the First National Convention of Theatrical Directors soon to be held in Moscow. On the night of the meeting the auditorium was filled to overflowing. Everyone's expectation was that Meyerhold would follow the weasel's course, denounce his own work, praise his persecutors, and promise to reform. But Meyerhold could not bring himself to do what Shostakovich and many others have done. There was no Rubashov blood in him.

AFTER two preliminary addresses the chairman announced, "The next speaker is Vsevolod Meyerhold." The auditorium rocked with applause. When Meyerhold appeared behind the desk, briefcase in hand, a tired, gray-haired man, the ovation continued from artists who had forgotten their differences with him and fully sympathized with his dilemma. Then he began to speak. Mr. Jelagin, who was there, says he started slowly, in a low, deliberate voice. Little by little a light came into his eyes. Before long his strengthening tones had in them the ring of steel.

The whole of Meyerhold's speech, as Mr. Jelagin has reported it, merits quoting. It is easy enough for the safe to tell the endangered what they should or should not do. Doing it, however, is quite a different thing. The words that follow are the memorable self-destroying words Meyerhold had the courage to utter. I beg you to read them to the end and to note how the independence and integrity of the artist finally assert themselves heroically.

"I want to express my sincere appreciation to the organizers of the First National Convention of Directors who invited me to participate in its work and who gave me this opportunity to appear before you so I could voice my thoughts about the creative principles which have guided me and about the numerous criticisms to which I have been subjected during the last year. I have been accused of many mistakes which are innate in the work of a theatrical director, and in all sincerity I admit most of them. I want to dwell in greater detail on these mistakes and I will begin by enumerating them.

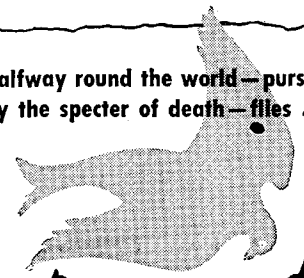
"Harsh things have been said about the harmful influence I have exercised on many young Soviet theatrical directors. I was deemed responsible for the appearance in the Soviet theatre of a sad and harmful phenomenon which was given the clever appellation of 'Meyerhold mania.' I am sorry as a matter of principle that I have not attacked more vehemently the many uninspired and illiterate directors who halfheartedly imitated my style, invariably distorting and cheap-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LISTEN FOR A STRANGER *Stewart Devine* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Retired detective in lovely decadence of Virginia Tidewater steps into mutilated body & peculiar actions of prideful old families.	Believable people and countryside integral to plot and tension; novelistic values spark excitement.	Good going
MURDER IS THE PAY-OFF *Leslie Ford* (Scribner's: $2.50)	When Doc Wernitz was murdered in Smithville it wasn't exactly jackpot for those who had played his slot machines — especially Janey Blake. But Chief Swede Carlson perseveres.	Plot seems side issue to marital complications, but small town intrigue amusing, writing civilized.	Pleasant enough

Halfway round the world—pursued by the specter of death—flies . . .



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ening it. They never made any attempt to grasp my creative principles and they perverted my ideas without ever understanding my artistic aims. If you call the pitiful, labored efforts of such directors 'Meyerhold mania,' I, Meyerhold, denounce it. So much for the first accusation.

"Harsh things have also been said about the way I have desecrated our classic heritage. I have been charged with conducting inexcusable experiments with the revered creations of Gogol, Griboyedov, and Ostrovsky. There is truth in this accusation. In producing many of the classic plays I went too far in my experimentation and I gave my imagination too much freedom, occasionally forgetting that the artistic value of the material on which I was working was always infinitely greater than anything I could add. I admit that in producing classic plays I should have recognized more often my limitations and displayed more creative modesty. But this is not true of my 'Forest' and my 'Camille.' I am convinced that these productions were good and that my contribution made the plays more interesting and appealing and helped the Soviet audiences to understand their content and the ideas behind them. So much for the second accusation.

"Third and last, I have been accused of being a formalist in my creative work, of obscuring the content in my search for new and original forms and of forgetting the purpose in the search for means. This is a grave accusation and I accept it only in part. I admit that in the course of my creative life I was responsible for several productions in which I wanted to test some recent thoughts and ideas in the field of dramatic form. They were experimental productions in which form occupied a dominant place. But such productions were few—I can count them on the fingers of one hand. Even so a master, and I have the temerity of considering myself one, must have the right to experiment. He must have the moral right to test his creative ideas no matter how they turn out in the end. He must have the right to make mistakes, because all mortals have that right, and he is a mortal like any others.

"I very seldom indulged in tests and experiments which can be called formalistic. Most of my creative work has no trace of formalism. On the contrary all my efforts were directed toward finding an organic style that suited a given content, and I believe that I frequently succeeded. It was never Staninslavsky's style or Tairov's style, it was never Sidorov's, Petrov's, or Ivanov's style—it was Meyerhold's style that contained all the characteristics of my creative individualism.

"Why should this be called formalism, and what is your definition of formalism? I also would like to ask the question in reverse: what is anti-formalism? What is socialistic realism? Apparently socialistic realism is orthodox anti-formalism. I would like to consider this question in practical rather than theoretical terms. How would you describe the present trend in the Soviet theatre? Here I have to be frank: if what has happened in the Soviet theatre recently is anti-formalism, if what is happening today on the stages of the best Moscow theatres is an achievement of the Soviet drama, I prefer to be considered a formalist. I, for one, find the work in our theatres at present pitiful and terrifying. I don't know whether it is anti-formalism, or realism, or naturalism, or some other 'ism,' but I do know that it is uninspired and bad.

"This pitiful and sterile something that aspires to the title of socialistic realism has nothing in common with art. Yet the theatre is art, and without art there can be no theatre. Go to the Moscow theatres and look at the colorless, boring productions which are all alike and which differ only in their degree of worthlessness. No longer can anyone identify the creative signature of the Mali Theatre, of the Vakhtangov Theatre, of the Kamerni Theatre, or of the Moscow Art Theatre. In the very places where only recently creative life was seething, where men of art searched, made mistakes, experimented, and found new ways to create productions some of which were bad and others magnificent, now there is nothing but a depressing, well-meaning, shockingly mediocre, and devastating lack of talent.

"Was this your aim? If so you have committed a horrible deed. You have washed the child down the drain with the dirty water. In your effort to eradicate formalism you have destroyed art!"

What happened next? Meyerhold was arrested the following day and has never been heard from since. A few weeks later his wife was found in her apartment brutally murdered, with seventeen knife wounds in her body. The apartment was sealed by the NKVD and all personal property confiscated. In the autumn of that same 1939 a volume appeared in which a stenographic report was given of all the speeches made at that First Convention of Theatrical Directors. But, says Mr. Jelagin, Meyerhold's speech was missing and his name was not included in the list of those who attended. *Pravda*, to be sure, on June 15, 1939, had referred briefly to his appearance before the convention. This was the last time Meyerhold's name was mentioned in the Soviet press.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS WORDS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Of course you remember the famous speeches from the pages of literature that are quoted below. But can you also remember who spoke them? Four correct identifications is par, six is very good, and eight or better is excellent. Answers on page 43.

1. "To thine own self be true, and it shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."
2. "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."
3. "One, if by land, and two, if by sea, and I on the opposite shore will be, ready to ride and give the alarm."
4. "And how can man die better than facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods?"
5. "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow."
6. "You mentioned your name as if I should recognize it, but beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic I know nothing whatever about you."
7. "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."
8. "I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted by a very considerable bribe."
9. "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's flag!"
10. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."
11. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness; annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."
12. "Here's your good health, and your family's, and may they live long and prosper!"

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SRL Goes to the Movies

YANKEE NOT SO MAGNIFICENT

Louis Calhern and "all those bright young clerks from Harvard."

"THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE"* is The Monumental Disappointment. Yet I suppose some people will be mildly entertained, the ones who will believe that Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is just a rather humorless "Life with Father" type invented by some anonymous Hollywood scenario writer. Others who know that Holmes really existed will, I'm sure, only be puzzled. The man who emerges in the movie would obviously have had some trouble getting through Harvard let alone to the U.S. Supreme Court bench; the movie Holmes is a crotchety, cloyingly cute old man whose main virtue seems to be that he loves his wife—as who wouldn't, since Fanny Holmes is beautifully played by Ann Harding. (And where has *she* been these years?)

Now nobody would object (I wouldn't anyway) if Armand Deutsch, the young MGM producer responsible for "The Magnificent Yankee," had ordered his script writer to dream up a character modeled after the famous Day-Lindsay-Crouse-Warner success. And if as a gimmick Deutsch had told the writer that this Father didn't have any children, see, except for all those bright young clerks emerging each year from Harvard law school; they were all his sons, see. A nice gimmick.

Unfortunately, Mr. Deutsch didn't do that; instead he and Emmet Lavery, the by-no-means anonymous scenarist, made one of this country's intellectual and spiritual giants into a dull-witted midget. The movie Holmes is without dimension or power or purpose.

I missed Mr. Lavery's play when it was around Broadway, but surely it could not have been as vacuous as the film—though "vacuous" may not be quite the word. I had the feeling Mr. Lavery's Holmes would have been perfectly happy working for the NAM.

True, Francis Biddle's admirable little book "Mr. Justice Holmes" is listed as "source material" for the movie, but surely Mr. Lavery cannot have read the book very carefully. Certainly the Lavery-created Holmes would never have written, "With effervescing opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagne, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to air" (Holmes's reply to the Harvard Liberal Union when asked to speak about the A. Mitchell Palmer suppressions). Or, "If in the long run the beliefs expressed in proletarian dictatorship are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces of the community, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way" (Holmes in the Gitlow case). And so on. No, about all we get in the movie is the "clear and present danger" idea and the fact that Holmes considered the first White House Roosevelt something of a radical, by Gad.

If all this seems unnecessarily harsh it is only because "The Magnificent Yankee" should have been so important a movie—right now especially. Considering the present atmosphere in this country we certainly could use a strong affirmation of the Holmesian principles. But maybe MGM is too apprehensive of public opinion (and another Thomas Committee investigation) to bring it off; if so its producers should concentrate on Jane Powell musicals, in which Louis Calhern is also effective. Given what he has to work with Mr. Calhern's performance as the Justice is something of a miracle; I was perfectly willing to believe he was a Justice—until he started spouting those lines. The others—Eduard Franz as Brandeis, Philip Ober as Owen Wister, and Ian Wolfe—are only amiable shadows.

Since a lot of people are going to see "The Magnificent Yankee" (it is, after all, an A Production) it may be just as well to remind them right now that the real Holmes went to the Gayety Burlesque Theatre in Washington once a week or so, that he not only liked his wife but had a high regard for humanity generally, that he constantly struggled to bring the U.S. Constitution up to date, that he was a man of courage and humor and occasional vitriol, and that in a letter to an admiring Harvard man he once wrote:

"Life is a romantic business. It is painting a picture, not doing a sum—but you have to make the romance, and it will come to the question how much fire you have in your belly."

The movie Holmes has no fire in his belly. Probably would have thought the word a little vulgar anyway.

—MERLE MILLER.

**THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE. Screen play by Emmet Lavery based on his Broadway play. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Armand Deutsch. Released through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. With Louis Calhern, Ann Harding, Eduard Franz, Philip Ober, Ian Wolfe, and others.*

SRL Recommends

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man drawn into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping picture of mob violence, but somewhat unconvincingly motivated.

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea.

Ways of Love: Recipient of the film critics' award for the year's best foreign picture, this packaged trio of short movies by Pagnol, Renoir, and Rossellini is distinguished by superb direction, camera work, and performances.

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax.

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise.

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented—within formula strictures.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny you may hurt yourself with belly laughs.

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TV and Radio

SCRAPS OF SOUND AND HISTORY

THE DEVELOPMENT of tape recording and the quickening of public interest in news due to the hot and cold war in Asia and Europe have made NBC's "Voices and Events" (Sundays 10:30 to 11:00 P. M. EST) and CBS's "Hear It Now" (Fridays, 9:00 to 10:00 P. M. EST) important operations for their respective networks. The two news shows are not only fresh weapons in the unceasing guerrilla conflict among the chains for prestige, but they are also potential sales to sponsors in the current controlled-economy and excess-profits tax situations which favor "institutional" programs.

The broadcasts are being publicized for understandable promotion purposes as something new in "aural journalism"; but "actuality" programs were done quite commonly as many as fifteen years ago—"live" on disc and later on wire. High-fidelity tape makes possible more speed and flexibility in handling and a fuller flowering of the technique at less cost.

Columbia's "Hear It Now" is coproduced and edited by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly. It describes itself as "a document for the ear . . . a collection of scraps of sound into a weekly recorded history . . . broadcast in the hope that it may add another dimension to our understanding in the difficult days ahead." NBC's News and Special Events Department describes its "Voices and Events" rather more simply: "The program that brings the news as it happened in the words of the people who made it."

The two introductions are keynotes to comparative total performances of the programs. The CBS show is a long, full hour. The broadcast of January 26 covered "The Great Debate," General Eisenhower in Europe, the war in Korea, the take-off and landing of a jet plane, General MacArthur, the United Nations, David Lillienthal, Leo Durocher, New York's Police Commissioner Murphy, Eric Johnston, and it concluded with a "documented biography of a pound of steak." The design of the program was not clear; the thread, if one existed, was obscure. Mr. Murrow's comments, usually so trenchant on his own news broadcasts, seemed merely to forecast and reprise the actual tape portions and added nothing to what was implicit in the actualities themselves.

NBC's "Voices and Events," edited by James Fleming, is shorter than "Hear It Now" by thirty minutes and considerably swifter in tempo. The broadcast of January 21 ranged from General MacArthur and the troops in Korea to the draft situation at home and included the U. N., Western Europe, Washington, President Truman, Senate committees, and an assembly-line in Detroit, winding up with the finish of a manhunt in Oklahoma City.

The NBC editing was tighter than CBS's and the material seemed more interesting. There was a minimum of commentary from editor Fleming. The accent was dominantly on the tape portions of the program, which is where it should be in an actuality broadcast unless there is some point other than the mere statement of the news which the producers desire to communicate.

It is difficult to understand what "new" dimension is added by programs such as these. We will grant that radio and TV are uniquely "actuality" mediums and ought to be more generously used as such; but the mere use of the "actual" is not the thing in itself—it is only a means to an end. The voice of one man reporting or commenting on the news can be more informative and arresting than an hour of actualities. I can still hear Edward R. Murrow's overseas sign-on—"This is London"—in the days of Britain's great blitz, and I remember the moving experiences of listening to those historic broadcasts, which were not only illuminating but also gave direction.

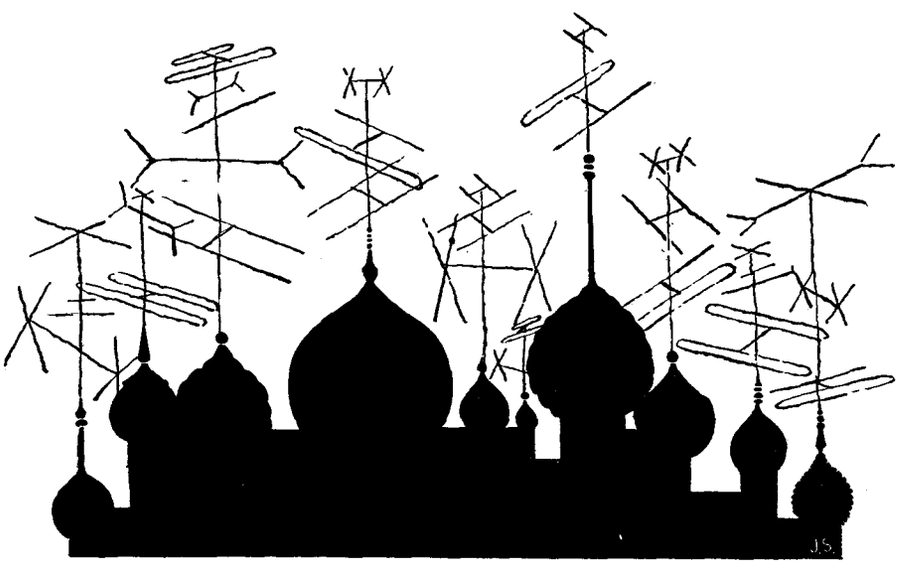
The producers of "Voices and Events" and "Hear It Now" may maintain that they are seeking only to hold up a mirror to history as it is being made. Varying degrees of editorial judgment and dramatic sensitivity may produce richer or poorer juxtapositions of voices and values. Occasionally the programs may catch a poignant note as did "Hear It Now" in its evocation of Eisenhower, the man, or a note of genuine amusement as "Voices and Events" captured in President Truman's press-conference remarks on daughter Margaret.

ADD it all up however and you have here merely another way of "reporting" the news, with the radio editor borrowing the green eye shade, the blue pencil, the white paste-pot, and the black scissors of the man at the city desk. More power to good reporting on the air, for we could stand a great deal more of it than there is now; but here, I submit, is a limited use of facilities, materials, and of manpower possessed of genuine capacity and greater potential.

The listener at the loudspeaker suffers from a surfeit of the images of actuality, both in pictures for the eye and the ear; what he needs is a lot more help in putting together the parts of the puzzle. No, he does not want his mind made up for him. But neither does he have the complex information or the expert training required to assess the news before he makes up his mind about it. The men at the network news departments have both.

It is a good thing to be using actuality tapes, but let the news producers not stop here. Let them go ahead and apply a point of view to them, editorial or esthetic—any point of view so long as it is honest, creative, responsible, and courageous. I have in mind by way of example the kind of job Don Hollenbeck used to do on "CBS Views the Press." But that kind of job takes not only money and time—it takes thought; and that's a dimension that's sort of scarce around the networks these days. It's a lot easier to "report."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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Music To My Ears

TOSCANINI'S HOMAGE TO VERDI — "DAS RHEINGOLD"—BACHAUER, LEHMANN

THE SEASON'S climax of dramatic music came recently, not in the Metropolitan Opera House or another theatre but in Carnegie Hall and on countless radios tuned to NBC when Arturo Toscanini commemorated the fiftieth year since Verdi's death with awe-inspiring performances of the "Manzoni Requiem" and the "Te Deum." (When the actual event occurred in 1901 the best New York could produce was an interpolation in the following evening's Metropolitan Opera concert. Walter Damrosch, with exquisite taste, chose "Siegfried's Funeral March" from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" as tribute to Verdi.)

The drama was both intrinsic and extrinsic—the staggering power and voluptuous richness of the works themselves, the challenge they placed upon the conductor himself. The only visible concession to his recent spell of knee trouble was a railing surrounding the podium. Taking a position parallel to its left bar he now and then rested his fingers on it when motions with the right arm sufficed. But when all others sat back for a moment after the "Lacrymosa," Toscanini stood resolutely in place — *not* supporting himself.

By any standards, including his own memorable ones, this was re-creation of torrential force, irresistible pulse, and greatness of spirit. Thanks to recent hearings of "Falstaff," "Otello," and particularly of "Don Carlo" one was more conscious than ever of the community of these works in his last decades. If this writing makes vividly pictorial the "Agnus Dei," the "Dies Irae," and the "Lux Aeterna," it is tonal painting on the order of a Tintoretto or Michelangelo. To a man who viewed mere literary characters such as Gilda and Rigoletto, Amonasro and Radames, Desdemona and Iago in terms of pulse-quickening inspiration, what could be more productive of drama than the most dramatic facts of life and death, salvation and damnation?

Whether in the shivering tempest of "Dies Irae" or the melting supplication of "Hostias" Toscanini's knowledge and feeling produced a climax of power both great and small. The solo quartet was uncommon in recent experience here, not only for the youth and eloquence of the singing, but also for its linked style and sonority. Italians all, from Herva Nelli and Fedora Barbieri to Giuseppe di Stefano and Cesare Siepi, they differed somewhat in efficiency but not in character. Siepi's superb "Confutatis" (he sang throughout without score) promoted him to rank of successor for another Pinza specialty; Barbieri with her sumptuous voice dominated the scene at many points; and Di Stefano outdid himself vocally, if his rhythm was frequently sloppy.

As for Nelli, the long Toscanini favor to a rather equivocal vocalist seemed more reasonable than usual; but the soprano was vocally spent when she reached "Requiem aeternam," slipping badly from the pitch at "et lux perpetua," omitting the final B flat altogether. Toscanini had her sing this section at stage rear beside the choir, after she had performed under his baton for the preceding hour. The walk back might also have dislocated her tonal center.

Preceding the broadcast those who had bought tickets to benefit the Casa Verdi heard the relatively brief "Te Deum," a revelation of invention, character, and sheer musical felicity, written in Verdi's eighty-fifth year. The singing of the Shaw Chorale (this year prepared by Ralph Hunter) was first-class in discipline; as was the orchestra both in discipline and tonal quality amid the welcome walls of Carnegie.

* * *

Only two audiences saw this year's production of "Das Rheingold" at the Metropolitan, but a good many of them must have felt as I did that it was one of the most authoritative, well-disciplined productions of the year. Using the Lee Simonson sets introduced in 1947, stage director Herbert Graf and his production associates made it a considerably more satisfying illusion than it had been before. Movement and lighting were smoothly coordinated with music, a major accomplishment in a work as complicated and seldom seen as "Rheingold."

Musically, too, this was a "Rheingold" of eloquence, thanks primarily to the conducting of Fritz Stiedry. Hans Hotter is no vocal paragon but his Wotan was massive in size and intellectual concept, with an authoritative way with the text even when the tonal covering was threadbare. Set Svanholm's Loge was a masterwork of artifice in a part rarely made convincing; given a few repetitions to refine away some excess motion it could be his best effort, for he sings it craftily and is a believable figure in the role. I liked the idea of using Erna Berger as the first Rhine Maiden, Jarmila Novotna as Freia, and Brian Sullivan as Froh—all parts better done than in any "Rheingold" of recent memory. Karin Branzell appeared, after six years' absence, in the broadcast "Rheingold" (she excused herself from the first performance two days before), but there was little echo of past glory in her hollow, ill-supported tones. Margaret Harshaw was a Fricka of ample sound but diminutive style. Traubel as Erda, Thebom as Fricka would have made much more sense, Wagnerian and musical.

Fedora Barbieri—"sumptuous voice."

* * *

In brief: Gina Bachauer, the pianist of Viennese-Greek background who made an unexpected and impressive debut in October, ventured a second concert in late January, this time before an audience prepared to be impressed. As often happens it wasn't—inordinately. Bachauer is a pianist of formidable equipment, especially in evenness of fingers, richness of tone; but she ventured much in choosing Vivaldi (D minor concerto), Mozart (G major sonata), and Beethoven (E major, Opus 109, Sonata) for a first half. However, only a superior artist could play the Vivaldi with the spacious design and fulness of detail she achieved.

The first of Lotte Lehmann's lieder recitals this year was an uncommonly homey affair, not wholly by choice. A damp afternoon put an additional fuzz on a cold-infected voice for which the singer apologized before beginning; but as now and again happens the very care required by the condition resulted in a demonstration of art quite uncommon. Restraint and expressiveness came into particular balance in the Brahms group, with Paul Ulanowsky reducing the scope of his piano playing in minute degree, though his Steinway, so far as known, did not have a cold. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

WHERE THE DEER AND THE SLOT MACHINES PLAY

IT'S GOING to take more than two measly little atomic bombs to affect the universal pastime of the State of Nevada. When the test blasts went off out there recently the newspapers reported that a man who was gambling looked up from the table, felt the shock rumble through the building, and saw an orange flash in the sky. "Must be the atom bomb," he is reported to have said, and turned forthwith back to the game.

In Reno, a city uncommonly addicted to this diversion, virtually every establishment that caters to the comfort or amusement of the customer —and that includes everything from a hamburger shack to a four-masted cabaret—provides some device for relieving the customer of some spare change. The method of extraction may be anything from a brace of slot machines to a roulette wheel inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The thing to understand about Nevada, they say, is that it simply never got over its frontier days. Gaming has always been part of the scene excepting during the nine years prior to 1931, when it was universally practised but officially illegal. One never looks down the nose at one who earns his livelihood from the spin of the wheel, regardless of which side of the table he works on. Gaming is a reputable trade and actually ranks sixth in the state's dollar volume, behind such prosaic pursuits as retail trade, wholesale distribution, transportation, agriculture, and manufacturing.

Aside from roulette the most popular forms of recreation in Reno are 21, sometimes called blackjack, then dice chuck-a-luck, sometimes called birdcage, and of course one-arm bandits, of which the town has more than mailboxes.

Such a regional slang has risen from the smoky gaming tables of the United States that some time back a cadre of seasoned croupiers from the parqueted gaming casinos of France took a trip to Nevada to listen in at "zee crap table." Aside from the calls of the dice game, which are no less a private language than the argot of the American soda jerk, the croupiers also have some signals which they exchange with each other. When a chip-handler says "eighty-six here" he means that the trade of the indicated patron is not wanted. The handle might be applied to a card manipulator who is known as a "mechanic" or to a "student," a name given to a player with a well-developed memory who commits to his cranium the cards which are left in the 21 dealer's deck and so gets an edge on the odds.

Gamblers also toss around some platitudes of philosophy, one of which says, "Distressed money never wins." It means that a customer who plays with money he can't afford to lose invariably loses. A man who can't afford to lose will hardly ever take advantage of the few chances he has to win. On the other hand he is likely to plunge when he shouldn't, taking long odds and turning panicky. Another expression declares, "In Nevada you can do anything you're big enough to do." By "big" the boys refer to one's own idea of bigness, which shows that psychology is cropping up in the oddest places.

Harold's Club of Reno is alleged to be the largest gambling casino in the world. It clocks more than 5,000 visitors a day, four out of five of whom come from out of state. The only escalator in Nevada moves patrons from the first to the second floor. Harold's offers 21, roulette, dice, race-horse betting (the odds and the results are flashed from the tracks), chuck-a-luck, poker, pan (a type of rummy), *chemin de fer*, and race-horse keno, to name just a few. Harold's slot machines, a rather healthy collection, are advertised as the most generous slot machines on earth. Two- or three-hundred one-arm bandits are usually spinning at the same time, and during the busy summer season it is common, so it is said, to have 10,000 or 11,000 jackpots pay off each week. This comes to something like a jackpot a minute, every minute of the day, and if there are any hair-splitters in the crowd Harold's will be happy to trot out sworn affidavits to prove the point.

—*Southern Pacific.*

Current signs of the times in Reno—"zee crap table."

THE decor in Harold's is neo-Wild West. It includes a collection of Western paintings done on illuminated glass, the world's largest color transparency which depicts Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe, a bar inlaid with 2,000 silver dollars, and a waterfall over which pours not water but real whiskey.

Reno has grown from a population of 4,500 in 1900 to a total of some 38,-

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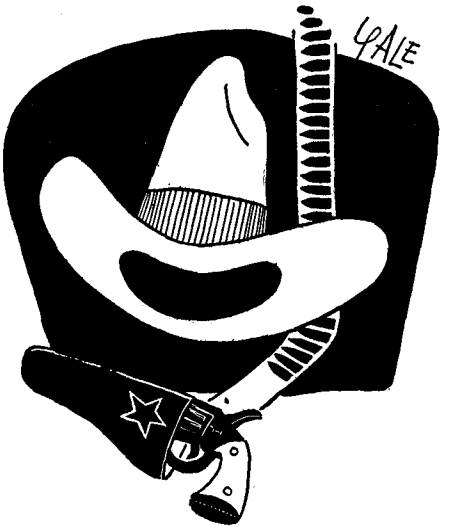

000 citizens today. Some credit for this vast increase must go to the local divorce laws, an attraction which Reno people are inclined to minimize. They point out that, although about 5,500 divorces are granted every year, between 25,000 and 30,000 people come to town every annum to be married. Reno has no three-day waiting period.

For a divorce a person must establish six weeks of actual residence. The stay need not be continuous, but any absence must be made up until the aggregate residence amounts to six weeks. Impotency, adultery, wilful desertion, habitual gross drunkenness, extreme cruelty either mental or physical, neglect on the part of the husband for a year, and separation for three consecutive years are all recognizable grounds for divorce.

TO GET on to pleasanter things, you ought to bear in mind that Reno is pretty much an all-season resort. If you are the type who prefers to sit by the fire instead of doing pratfalls in the snow I should point out that clear spring weather comes early in the valley. It is a popular sport then to go simply to the city limits, rent a horse, and ride out across the open country. I don't have any idea how many automobiles are registered in Nevada, but there are 5,000 privately-owned saddle horses in the neighborhood, and that does not include range stock.

Excursionists take off to Virginia City, the ghost town that was the site of the famed Comstock Lode, which once yielded half the silver output of the United States. The last mine of the lode has recently been closed, according to a dispatch by Lucius Beebe which appeared recently in an Eastern newspaper. In announcing the end of the silver era Mr. Beebe noted that Virginia City had struck a rich new vein of literate personalities who are making their home there, among

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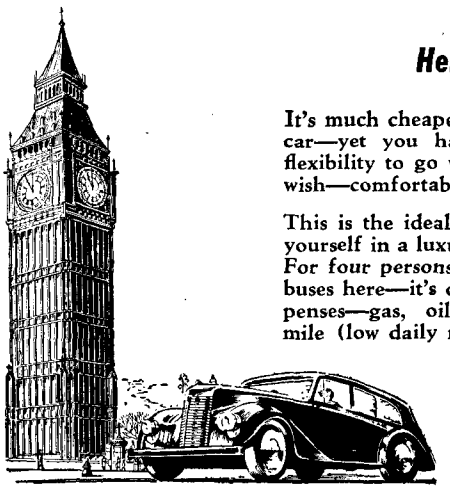

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

them Roger Butterfield, Charles Clegg, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Duncan Emrich, and Mr. Beebe. Trippers also trundle off to Pyramid Lake and the Indian reservations and to Feather River Canyon on the road to California.

Twenty-pound trout have been caught in the Truckee, smack inside the city limits of Reno, and there are nearly a hundred miles of trout streams meandering through the valley within twenty miles of the center of the city. In season there is hunting for deer and antelope within an hour's drive of town, and of the birds to be bagged there are the chukar partridge, the pheasant, the sage hen, and the quail. Right in town of course there is nothing that is fairer game than the sucker, of whom there are hundreds in all seasons.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

BLACK CARIBBEAN. By R. W. Thompson. Macdonald, New York. $1.50. A narrative of personal adventures during the war, starting at Gourock, Scotland, on October 6, 1942, when the author boarded the *Queen Mary,* and ending at the same place June 6, 1943. Some sixty pages are used up explaining the feel of the *Queen Mary* in wartime—the Wacs, Dutch, Poles, Canadians, oranges, stowaways, sulfa drugs, and always the imminence of the U-boats. The bulk of the book describes Thompson's months in the Caribbean, most of them spent in Jamaica and most of them rather heavy with talk about British colonialism. Perhaps the most interesting passages are those aboard the *Queen Mary* and after its arrival in New York, none of which have anything to do with the black Caribbean.

BAGHDAD 1951. *By Herb Caen. Doubleday.* $1.75. A thin little volume which I take to be a compilation of recent columns for the *San Francisco Examiner* and which follows Herb Caen's highly successful, highly readable "Baghdad-by-the-Bay." There are a number of sections devoted to bright little anecdotes, a number of sentimental vignettes about San Franciscans, some sentimental tone poems about San Francisco that are lovely indeed, and a collection of those oddities about signs, theatre marquees, and local personalities which have become the favorite dodge of the columnist. Naturally, the San Franciscans will eat or are already eating this one up, but it is good enough to be interesting reading 3,000 miles to the east and to leave a pleasant afterglow, too.

—H. S.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

KRAUS AND GOLDBERG

MOZART: SONATAS IN A MI. (K. 310); IN A (K. 331).

HAYDN: SONATAS ♯37 IN D; ♯52 IN E FLAT. Lili Kraus, piano.
Vox LP: PL 6310; 1740

▶ The unexcelled prewar team has split; the artists now record separately. But, along with new performances, Goldberg and Kraus reappear in the old splendid collaborations on Decca's happily chosen LP reissues. It seems to me that pianist Kraus was always the leader, that she is still the finest musician; Goldberg's velvety playing is now fatter, more self-conscious, with a too-sensuous vibrato. Kraus remains a performer of breathlessly perfect detail, on occasion of great strength, a Landowska and a Schnabel together, an ultimate model for Mozart, Haydn, Schubert piano. Before the war, these two (and with Pini) made a Mozart-Haydn team never surpassed.

MOZART: CONCERTO IN D MINOR (K. 466); RONDO (K. 485); MINUET (K. 335). Lili Kraus; Pro Musica Orch., Jorda.
Vox LP: PL 6290

▶ The Mozart and Haydn sonatas (above), recently recorded in France, show Kraus to be still tops, even though the piano tone is somewhat hard and wooden (unlike the metallic tone in many U.S. piano records). The D minor Concerto, with similar piano, is impeccably played to an orchestral accompaniment that smacks of sight-reading, with poor ensemble, execrable pitch. Goldberg's Haydn is fat, unctuous, Handelian, strangely legato, with heavy orch. playing that jars after recent fine Viennese Haydn.

HAYDN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN C. Szymon Goldberg; Philharmonic Orch., Süsskind.

HANDEL: VIOLIN SONATA ♯4. Goldberg, Gerald Moore (pf.)
Decca LP: DL 8504

MOZART: CONCERTO IN B FLAT (K. 456). Lili Kraus; London Philharmonic, Goehr.
MOZART: SONATA IN C (K. 404, Unf.). Goldberg, Kraus.
SCHUBERT: LAENDLER, OP. 18. Kraus.
Decca LP: DL 8505

▶ The epitome of fine prewar recording — no highs, some distortion in loud parts, but impeccable balance, a natural piano tone. (Side 1 badly off-center my copy.) All surface hiss is removed.

▶ This is the ideal of the *ancien régime,* prewar! Marvelous playing, perfect equality between piano and orch. Orchestral playing as accurate as the pianist's and as impeccably phrased, the whole modest, properly scaled.

HAYDN: TRIOS ♯2, ♯3, ♯5. Goldberg, Kraus, Anthony Pini, cello.

HAYDN: ANDANTE CON VARIAZIONE IN F MI. Kraus.
Decca LP: DX 104 (2)

▶ Question to engineers: Isn't piano from disc (as here) basically steadier than taped piano? I'm beginning to feel so! This is remarkably good — beats many a new tape recording. Why? Not a trace of flutter (though these may have been put on tape during processing). This is the kind of piano oldtimers still rave about; minus all surface hiss it's worth anyone's study today.

▶ The old Haydn Trio Society, a companion reissue (with extensive notes) to recent Mozart violin sonatas and brilliantly equal to them. Piano students will marvel at Kraus's integration of the hard-to-assemble F mi. Variations.

SCHUBERT: PIANO SONATA IN A MI., OP. 143; IMPROMPTUS IN B FLAT, E FLAT. Lili Kraus.
Decca LP: DL 8506

▶ The Kraus power (and her Schnabel training) show in this stark Schubert sonata; a tremendous performance.

POULENC

POULENC: MASS IN G. The Robert Shaw Chorale, Shaw (unaccompanied).
RCA Victor LP: LM 1088 (½)
(*with Britten: "Ceremony of Carols"*)

▶ Poulenc has evidently undergone a massive struggle to break from the snazzy, satirical style (so limited) that occupied the French for so long after War I. His success here is moving. Both these still borrow startlingly at times; but both are self-consistent, sincerely expressive. The Mass, *a capella,* is of the difficult modern sort with hints of both Stravinsky's and V. Williams's masses, some intensely beautiful moments; the singing is orchestral in its perfection.

POULENC: CONCERTO FOR ORGAN, STRINGS, AND TIMPANI IN G MINOR. E. Power Biggs, organ; Columbia Symphony, soloists, Burgin.
Columbia LP: ml 4329 (½)
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THE MESSAGE?

(*Continued from page 9*)

position." And Nels Ferré in "Christianity and Society" (Harper) has this to say: "Justice at any point in history is the equal application of the content of community, custom, and law in relation to the depth-dynamic influence of the intrinsic nature of Eternal Reality." Is it any wonder that even theologically trained readers are bewildered and frustrated?

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Kenneth D. Miller, an ordained Presbyterian minister, is president of the New York City Mission Society.

A Priest's Day Is Never Done

ROMAN COLLAR. By Edward Roberts Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co. 251 pp. $3.

By THOMAS SUGRUE

THE ORIGIN of this book, says Monsignor Moore, was a question which was asked of him so often that he determined to write out the answer, have it printed as a leaflet, and carry a batch of the leaflets in his pocket wherever he went. The question was: "What does a priest do, anyway?"

The answer turned out to be a volume of 251 pages, which asks another question: "How does a priest find time to do all that is asked of him?" It is an enlightening and instructing revelation that will have special interest for two classes of people—those who know nothing of priestly life and those who know everything about it. For the former, Monsignor Moore's statement that his story is that of any priest rather than of himself will seem true, because the everyday routine of one parish curate is very much the routine of another parish curate; for the latter group, familiar with this routine, the informal recitation of Monsignor Moore's work during the past thirty years will emerge as a collection of the private thoughts and public adventures of a brilliant, driving, idealistic priest who was one of New York's pioneers in slum clearance and low-cost housing, a member of the city's municipal housing authority, an organizer and leader in Catholic youth work, and one of the early and sane figures in the Legion of Decency.

Edward Roberts Moore was born in New York City and in 1919 was graduated from St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, where he was a good enough student to be selected to do graduate work at the Catholic University of America in Washington. When he had been ordained "a Priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedec," however, he was assigned to Old St. Peter's Church on Barclay Street, in downtown Manhattan. He was not happy about the change in plans; he had dreamed of the life of a scholar, and it seemed to him that a curate's post was a heavy test for his vow of obedience. But as soon as he had met Monsignor McGean, the rector of St. Peter's, he perked up; the monsignor was over eighty, worked at a pace which exhausted his young assistants, and maintained a point of view which was sensible, civilized, and permeated with humor (the old man heard confessions for incredibly long periods, despite the fact that he was deaf in one ear and had to turn around each time he switched from a penitent on one side of his box to a penitent on the other side).

Very quickly parish life intrigued Curate Moore, and after going through the initiation period of panhandlers, youngsters anxious to get married in a hurry, drunks ready to take the pledge, and potential converts asking how they could become Catholics he worked rapidly into what became his specialty—he initiated the first and thus far the only complete religio-social study of a parish ever made. The results were far-reaching for St. Peter's and its parishioners and also for Monsignor Moore, who was politely drafted into a post with Catholic Charities.

At the charities' office in the old August Belmont home on Madison Avenue he worked for the handsome, brilliant, irascible Monsignor Robert F. Keegan, Cardinal Hayes's secretary for charities. Monsignor Keegan saw to it that Monsignor Moore became an expert in many things, among them Catholic boys' clubs and Catholic Boy Scouts. He continued his interest in the environmental conditions of the underprivileged, and this led him into work on slum clearance under Mayor LaGuardia and a post with the National Youth Administration under Harry Hopkins. After eighteen years of such activity he returned to St. Peter's as pastor. That is where he is today, supervising the strangely specialized labors of that grand old church, which has few parishioners but tends to thousands of workers in the surrounding business area, who come for mass, for confession, and for the consolations, counsel, and comfort which it is the duty and obligation (and in a man such as Monsignor Moore the pleasure) of a priest according to the Order of Melchisedec to offer his people.

It is thus both a general and a particular story, instructive in one way, informative and charming in another. Unfortunately, the good monsignor's style is a lamentable mixture of clichés on three levels—the ecclesiastical, the literary, and the idiomatic. But what can you expect of a man who was packed off to St. Peter's when he wanted to be a scholar and who since then has been so busy doing for others that he has never had time for himself? He asked for it, of course; any man does who becomes a priest. The Order of Melchisedec, even in ancient Salem, was not for the selfish, the egotistical, or the unconcerned.

—*Pach Brothers.*

Monsignor Moore—"he asked for it."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 880)

DOROTHY VAN DOREN: *[THE] COUNTRY WIFE*

In New England October is leaves. First the splendor on the trees, then the . . . rustle and snap underfoot, then the . . . smell of decay and death . . . finally, alas, the denouement, the catastrophe . . . of raking, piling, and carrying . . . to the compost heap.*

**Abridged somewhat for space reasons.*

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He Wanted to Breathe Freedom

HERE I STAND: A Life of Martin Luther. By Roland Bainton. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 422 pp. $4.75.

By HAROLD E. FEY

LUTHER would probably roar his displeasure over parts of this biography could he read it now, 405 years after his death. But old Dr. Johann von Staupitz, vicar of Brother Martin's Augustinian order and Luther's friend, would have liked it. "My love for you is unchanged," this irenic Catholic wrote Luther long after the Reformation had swept over Germany. "We owe much to you, Martin. You have taken us from the pigsty to the pasture of life. If only you and I could talk for an hour and open the secrets of our hearts! My prayers are with you."

The author of the best one-volume Luther biography in any language writes in a spirit Dr. Staupitz would have found congenial with his own. Roland Bainton is no idolator at the shrine of the father of the Reformation. He admires Brother Martin but he is not blind to his many faults. Bainton's great learning in the history of that time makes him realize how dangerously the structure of medieval Catholicism was sagging before "the German Hercules" threw his weight against it, but he takes no iconoclastic pleasure in its destruction. This Congregational minister and Yale professor, who is an affiliate member of the Society of Friends, knows too much of the human tragedy involved in the rise of modern nationalism to go overboard in his celebration of Luther's contribution to that emergence.

But all of this is of secondary interest to the author, as it was to Luther. The central theme of this biography and its subject's constant concern was one man's struggle for faith in God. "Luther was above all else," declares Bainton, "a man of religion. The great outward crises of his life, which bedazzle the eyes of dramatic biographers, were to Luther himself trivial in comparison with the inner upheavals of his questing after God."

And these upheavals carried him from early plans to study law into monastic discipline, thence into intensive research in the New Testament, thence to preaching, thence to his historic challenge to the sellers of indulgences. The posting of his ninety-five Theses on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg took place on October 31, 1517. But even then his break was not complete, as Number Fifty of the theses indicates: "Christians must be taught that if the pope knew the exactions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather have St. Peter's basilica reduced to ashes than built with the skin, flesh, and bones of his sheep."

"Here I Stand" is a great biography because it deals sensitively and presciently with the most important of all conflicts—the inward war between faith and doubt, between fear and courage, between God and the devil—in one of the great souls of Christian history. It is written with verve and humor and makes exciting reading from beginning to end. Some will doubtless be disappointed because they will not find here support for all the developments which the last four centuries have wrought in European or American Lutheranism. Others may be shocked at the yeasty popular style in which the author presents incidents or ideas which are usually smothered, if they are mentioned at all, in the flannel folds of ecclesiastical verbiage. But Bainton's language is the English equivalent of Luther's German. It is simple, mature, creative. It belongs to the main stream of the people's culture—that culture which is fed by the living waters of the spirit.

Because Luther's struggle was primarily a search for evangelical truth, this biography accurately portrays the Reformation as an unintended by-product. Luther did not set out to reform the Church. He was trying to make terms with the eternal so that his soul could live and breathe the air of freedom. His attack on indulgences, which started the Reformation, was, as he said, because they were "positively harmful to the recipient because they impede salvation by diverting charity and inducing a false sense of security."

Even this mild criticism was at first couched in scholarly Latin. But his words were translated, in the first instance by others, and soon became the talk of Germany. Then suddenly, says Bainton, Luther "was like a man climbing in the darkness a winding staircase of an ancient cathedral. In the blackness he reached out to steady himself and his hand laid hold of a rope. He was startled to hear the clanging of a bell." Because it rang, the monk was summoned to face the massed power of the Church and the Holy Roman Empire at the Diet of Worms. Standing before men who could burn him at the stake he declared: "I cannot and I will not recant anything, for to go against conscience is neither right nor safe. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me." And with that the bell tolled the knell of an era.

"Here I Stand" has received the Abingdon-Cokesbury Award of $7,500 for the book which "will accomplish the greatest good for the Christian faith and Christian living among all people." Its ninety illustrations are taken from tracts, cartoons, and drawings found in books of Luther's time. Roland Bainton has long made a hobby of collecting these illustrations. About one-fourth of the drawings as they appear in his book were redrawn by himself from originals.

Harold E. Fey is managing editor of The Christian Century *and author of "The Lord's Supper: Seven Meanings."*

—*From the book.*

"True and False Penitence," by Hans Holbein.

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His Own Best Proof

JESUS CHRIST: His Life, His Teaching, and His Work. By Ferdinand Prat, S.J. Translated by John J. Heegan, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. Vol. I, 560 pp. Vol. II, 558 pp. $12 the set.

By HAROLD C. GARDINER, S.J.

SUPERB is not too strong a word with which to hail this scholarly reconstruction of the life of Christ, not available in English after having gone through sixteen French editions. Combining the profound and lucid scholarship which has enabled the French Catholic biblical scholars to more than overtake the German higher critics of some decades ago with the unction that has characterized some of the English masters in the field, such as Goodier, Father Prat's work would certainly deserve prime consideration if a "best" life of Christ were to be chosen.

A short review cannot begin to indicate the riches to be found here. I would like therefore to indicate briefly three aspects of the work which are noteworthy and which commend it, I believe, to the serious-minded American reader. The first is the profound and wide learning which Father Prat displays with a winning grace and modesty. History, archeology, patrology, languages (Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Aramaic are but four of them) are all plumbed with mastery for the light they can shed on the life and times of Christ, and yet they do not check the dynamism of the unfolding story of that life.

The second cachet of the work is what I may call a certain sound common sense, which enables Father Prat to cut through some of the fruitless squabbles in which exegetes have engaged and to strike straight at the heart of the passage under discussion. Here of course he is but following such great predecessors as St. Jerome and St. Augustine, as he points out in the by all means to be read Introduction.

And thirdly, here is no dry-as-dust research. It is a warm and loving contemplation of the greatest life ever lived, and I believe a thoughtful reading cannot fail to deepen personal devotion to the Person of Christ — certainly the fruit any good life of Christ should yield. This flavor is to be caught especially in chapter seven of the second volume, Characteristics of the Christian Spirit, and in the really lovely passages in the first volume which deal with the Sermon on the Mount. Incidentally, the latter section yields some fine examples of how the author's commentary on the old familiar phrases throws new light on their meaning. "The poor mentioned here," he says (in explanation of "Blessed are the poor in spirit"), "are not the indigent; the Bible has other words to designate destitution and distress. The *poor* man of Scripture . . . is the man without defense, the victim and toy of powerful tyrants, who accepts his pitiful lot without a murmur and turns toward God alone as his only hope. God protects the poor man. He is his refuge and support." Time and again does Father Prat so illumine the text.

Each volume ends with many long supplementary notes wherein more technical questions such as the dynasty of the Herods and so on are discussed in fascinating detail. A proper meed of praise goes to Father John J. Heenan, S. J., of Georgetown University, for a smooth and unobtrusive translation.

This is not a polemical work. It does not set out to "prove" anything. It does not debate, for example, whether miracles are possible or not. It is content to unfold the life of Jesus Christ under the light of the best of ancient and modern scholarship. And that is sufficient, for Christ is His own best proof.

Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., is editor of the national Catholic weekly America.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 399

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 399 will be found in the next issue.

LPCN SNANRBL RUN PDME

GDLBRMMCNDBL BP

KGXBPUE.

—HRXPT UGGL

Answer to Crypt No. 398

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

—J. MILTON.

Mr. Bunyan of Bedford

VALIANT PILGRIM. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 440 pp. $4.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE GREAT virtue of Vera Brittain's life of John Bunyan is an ardent sympathy not only with the great author in almost all his activities but also with the Puritan movement in England, which flowered during the tyranny of Oliver Cromwell. I call this sympathy a virtue because having it Miss Brittain has been able to write a livelier, more provocative, and occasionally a more preposterous story than she could have done otherwise.

She has also taken great pains, especially in familiarizing herself with Bunyan's countryside in and near Bedford, which is the scene of "The Pilgrim's Progress," to a less degree of "The Holy War," and of that superb little novel "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman."

The author has also tried to become acquainted with the history of seventeenth-century England, and here she has lamentably failed. She writes about the rule of the Saints under the Commonwealth without any apparent disapproval of the proscription of the Church and its services, and of Oliver Cromwell's "tolerance" without a mention that this did not extend to Roman Catholics. She is too fond of such question-begging epithets as "reactionary," which she applies to any cause of which she disapproves: many historians with no love of the court of Charles II would argue that compared to the Commonwealth the revived monarchy was progressive. Her prejudice reaches its limits when she writes, "The Friends were persecuted under Cromwell, though not by him, almost as ruthlessly as they had been under Archbishop Laud:" George Fox was first imprisoned in 1649, and William Laud had been beheaded by the orders of the tolerant Oliver in 1645; and it is difficult to suppose that a martyred Archbishop would have the inclination, from the other side, to persecute Quakers. Miss Brittain has not the rare skill to live in the past as though she were of it, and she has no natural flair — as had Macaulay and Froude—for transforming fancies into facts and opinions into truth.

She is successful, though using too often the trick of pretending knowledge of events, feelings, and desires of which there is no record, in her portrayal of John Bunyan's personal and family life. Except that we know he had two wives and several children, there is not much direct information

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available on Bunyan as husband and father; but Miss Brittain is ingenious and persuasive in her picture of him as an exceptionally considerate family man. She uses the merest hints in his voluminous writings to justify this portrait's accuracy. For instance, in "The Heavenly Footman" Bunyan comments on the story of Lot that when his wife turned back to look over Sodom neither this nor her punishment "would cause Lot to look behind him"; then Bunyan adds, "I have sometimes wondered at Lot in this particular."

No less successful is Miss Brittain in her pictures of Bedford and the country round about; and here the book is greatly helped by some fifty admirable illustrations. The feel of the country is in the author just as the feel of the times is absent, and we have vivid accounts of the horrid roads, the swamps, the lovely rivers and meadows, the great houses visited by Bunyan in his trade of tinkering, the adventure of a forty-mile journey, and the peace of sunlit days in quiet hamlets.

Her own claims for Bunyan would put him forward as a protagonist for religious tolerance. But here with his attacks on Giant Pope and on bishops he compares ill with his contemporary Jeremy Taylor—also a prisoner for conscience's sake—whose "Liberty of Prophesying," published in 1646 when Bunyan was still a youth of eighteen, is the first modern defense of toleration.

After all, no one would be writing and no one would read books about John Bunyan were it not that he is one of the immortals of the world's literature. As Miss Brittain points out, Jonathan Swift, Samuel Johnson, and William Cowper had all been enthusiastic. In an American edition of 1822 the editor writes of "the high estimation in which ["The Pilgrim's Progress"] has been held for more than a century," and no doubt this could be said of opinion elsewhere. Certainly by now Bunyan's literary reputation is secure.

Miss Brittain believes that "The Pilgrim's Progress" if published today would be ignored or dismissed as a "tendentious" tract; it is odd that she should ignore the name and success of Bunyan's best modern disciple, C. S. Lewis. It is hard to believe that the critics who welcomed Lewis's "The Screwtape Letters" with such just and enthusiastic praise would condescend to the Master of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

R. Ellis Roberts was formerly editor of the British publication Life and Letters *and literary editor of* The New Statesman.

Conscience, God & the Unconscious

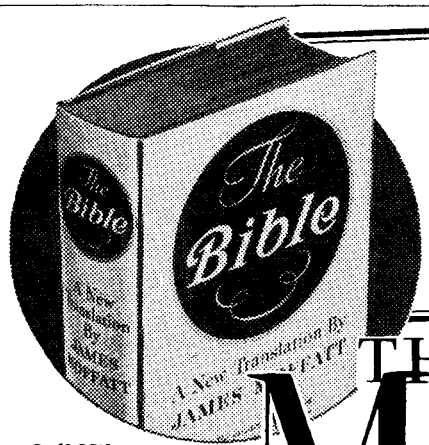
PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGION. By Erich Fromm. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 119 *pp.* $2.50.

By SMILEY BLANTON, M.D.

RELIGION by itself is a controversial enough subject. When one discusses it in connection with psychoanalysis the combination is explosive indeed. Erich Fromm's new work, "Psychoanalysis and Religion," attempts the mixture. And in doing so the author raises so many questions that it would take a critical notice almost as long as the book to do them full justice.

Dr. Fromm believes that religion has failed to bring peace, happiness, and contentment to modern man. He feels that it is not a question of whether psychoanalysis and religion are either opposed to one another or have an identity of interests. Rather, he thinks there is a third position. He believes the psychoanalyst can act as a "physician of the soul" without concerning himself with religious symbols or dogma.

Freud expressed his opinion about religion in a book called "The Future



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of an Illusion." He says in this work that religion is merely a repetition of the experiences of a child, which the believer uses as an escape from forces that threaten him. He contends that religion is dangerous because it impoverishes a person's critical powers and reduces his ability to meet the problems of life.

Dr. Fromm stresses that Freud was not against religion in all aspects. He emphasizes that Freud's ideas share many of the same goals as religious ideals: the reduction of suffering, the development of independence and responsibility, the cultivation of brotherly love. What Freud strongly opposed was authoritarian religious dogma.

The ideas of Jung about religion, on the other hand, are quite mystical. Dr. Fromm feels that many of Jung's religious assumptions are against the laws of logic. According to Jung the essence of religion is a feeling of dependence and a surrender to a higher power.

Dr. Fromm defines religion as "any system of thought and action shared by a group which gives the individual a frame of orientation and an object of devotion." Man, he says, "projects the best he has onto God and impoverishes himself. . . . The more he praises God the emptier he becomes. The emptier he becomes the more sinful he feels. The more sinful he feels the more he praises God—and the less he is able to regain himself." This approach violates the fundamental teachings of psychoanalysis. A person draws strength and power from identifying himself with God and incorporating God within himself—he does not become impoverished and weakened.

Dr. Fromm points out that the job of the analyst is not merely to relieve a symptom; he undertakes to modify the patient's whole life, to develop his character, and make him a more adult person. The aim of analysis, in Dr. Fromm's words, is to cultivate "independence, integrity, and the ability to love." Authoritarian, dogmatic religion, he believes, hinders the fulfillment of these goals. He thinks that such religion provokes an "all-pervasive guilt reaction."

Here again I must take exception. My experience has taught me that infantile feelings of guilt are only to a slight degree caused by authoritarian, dogmatic orientation. Freud says that conscience is developed out of the child's struggle to break away from the childish relationship to his parents. When this break does not occur normally, Freud claims, a deep infantile sense of guilt results.

Dr. Fromm would prefer man to attain an attitude of "oneness" with his fellow men instead of having a God whom he can worship. He would like him to achieve a "one with the all." Dr. Fromm says that according to Freud's way of thinking the unconscious is essentially that in us which is bad. This is true to a certain extent. But Freud also felt that the unconscious is a repository of our conscience.

I think it would be a grave mistake for the analyst to assume the role of the minister or the priest in the "cure of souls," as Dr. Fromm expresses it. The idea contradicts the basic principles of Freud, as given in his last book, "An Outline of Psychoanalysis." Freud believes that the analyst's duty is to help the patient to see what is really in his unconscious mind. Then the patient can decide for himself what choice he wishes to make, uninfluenced by the analyst. Naturally, as Freud once said, the psychoanalyst expects the patient to accept a way of life that would conform with the accepted standards of society. But if he chooses otherwise the analyst must be content.

My experience has been that the analyst's function is to remove barriers and repressions in the patient's mind. With these obstacles out of the way the patient can develop an adult conscience. In most cases he will then be able to achieve the goal set by modern religious teaching.

In the final chapter Dr. Fromm asks: "Is psychoanalysis a threat to religion?" He feels that religion has failed to give us the proper values. He thinks that the emphasis which our churches lay upon belief in God has kept us from developing a humanistic religion, which would help us to realize the highest principles of life—those of love and reason.

It seems to me that Dr. Fromm paraphrases to a certain extent a dictum of Voltaire, who said in effect: the time is now come to take God by the hand, lead him to the outskirts of civilization, and thank him for his professional services.

I learned from my conversations with Freud during the year I worked with him that his reaction to religion was against the orthodox Jewish faith which he knew from his childhood. His religious opinions were also influenced by his personal knowledge of the hypocritical practices of the Christian church in Vienna.

But Freud speaks about the "eternal Eros" arising to give battle to the forces of hate and aggression in the human heart. I was talking this matter over with him on one occasion and I remarked: "It seems that this 'eternal Eros' is similar to the love of God as expressed by St. Paul." Freud replied in a characteristic way: "Well, perhaps you're right."

I would hazard the opinion that

Erich Fromm—"time to lead God to the outskirts of civilization"?

Dr. Fromm has not been able to appreciate the modern concept of religion as practised by most churches today. Nor does he seem to understand the impact upon American culture of the Judea-Christian idea of a loving God and the influence of this loving God in curbing and modifying our aggressions. If a person considers himself a child of God then it follows that he must love his brother and treat his neighbor as himself.

Dr. Fromm has nevertheless performed a real service in pointing out the failure of religion in the modern world. He also has valuable things to say about the unhealthy role that infantile religious beliefs may play.

The belief in a Creator who grants us certain rights is probably the most fundamental faith in our culture. Dr. Fromm's concept of a God who is a celestial tyrant that weakens and dominates those who worship Him is an interpretation which has no place in modern religion. In some churches undoubtedly there are attitudes which force people into infantile approaches to God, make escapists of them, and sap their powers of self-development. But such attitudes are not common in the majority of churches.

Most people will continue to believe that the statement in the Declaration of Independence—"all men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—is the best guarantee of their present safety against tyranny and of the fulfillment of their hopes.

Smiley Blanton, a practising New York psychiatrist, is the co-author with the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale of "Faith Is the Answer."

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Good Deeds in a Naughty World

QUAKERS FIND A WAY: Their Discoveries in Practical Living. By Charles M. Woodman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 280 pp. $2.50.

By FREDERICK B. TOLLES

THE writings of Rufus M. Jones and William Wistar Comfort and the largely unsought publicity which has come to the American Friends Service Committee have probably cleared up in the minds of most literate Americans the vague notion that Quakers are an extinct sect remarkable chiefly for quaint bonnets and the use of "thee" and "thou." It is now no secret that the Society of Friends is very much a current reality, that its basic tenet is something called the Inner Light, and that its members, or some of them, reject war and violence and prefer to go about the world doing good. Reports trickling in from Communist China, from Israel, from Germany, and from other tension spots seem to indicate that they have a knack for doing good deeds in a naughty world and doing them rather effectively.

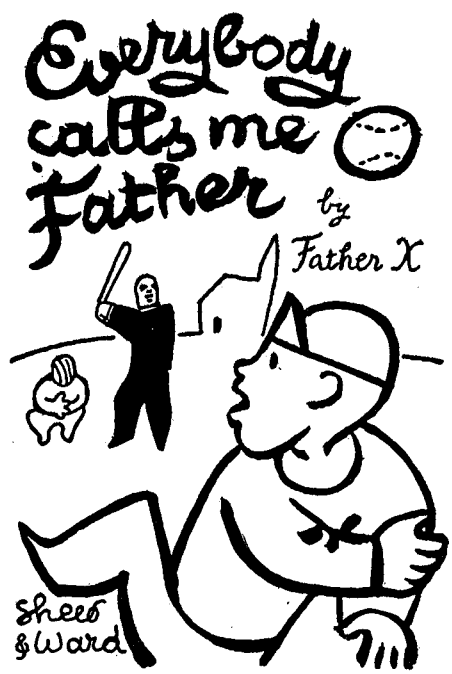
If there are still some who haven't absorbed these elementary details about the people who call themselves Friends, this book will enlighten them. It presents the "faith and practice" of Quakerism in an attractive and unsanctimonious manner. It is not primarily historical in approach as so many books on the subject are, though before it is done it touches on most of the main chapters in Quaker history. It takes up the peculiarities of Quaker practice—the marriage ceremony, in which the couple simply exchange their promises in the presence of their friends in a meeting for worship, the meeting for worship itself held "on the basis of silence," the business meeting, in which the "sense of the meeting" rules in place of the will of a mere majority—and tries to show how these peculiar practices stem from the Quaker faith in divine illumination. It deals with the social "testimonies" which caused Friends to pioneer in such fields as the abolition of slavery and the reform of the prison system and seeks to show how these spring from the Quaker belief in the equality of all men before God. Finally it treats of the relations of Friends with governments, showing how from the time of George Fox and Oliver Cromwell to those of Rufus Jones and the head of the German Gestapo they have never hesitated to lay their "concerns" for peace and social justice before princes and potentates.

In all this the writer's thesis is that Quakerism comes closer to being New-Testament Christianity — or, more precisely, Sermon-on-the-Mount Christianity—than any other form of organized religion the world has known. It is not a modest claim, and Charles Woodman admits that many Friends don't come anywhere near that high calling, but on the other hand there is much historical evidence and the testimony of such dispassionate outsiders as William James to support it. Surely John Woolman and Elizabeth Fry, to cite two of Charles Woodman's examples, belong in the select company of those who have made the Christian counsels of perfection the guideposts for their daily living. It is quite clearly the aim of this book to recommend this "way" as a real contemporary option.

So far the author's point of view is not greatly different from that of the late Rufus M. Jones, whose liberal and mystical interpretations of Quakerism have obviously influenced him. What chiefly sets the book apart from its predecessors is the fact that it is written by a man who for years regularly occupied the pulpit in a Friends church and thus represents the viewpoint of those Friends who have so far deviated from Quaker tradition as to adopt a "pastoral system." It may come as a surprise to many who know only the Eastern Quakers to discover that the great majority of American Friends have abandoned the quiet meeting and sit under the ministrations of paid pastors. A central chapter in "Quakers Find a Way" is devoted to an explanation of and apology for this phenomenon. One senses that the author, though he writes moderately and persuasively on the subject, is not entirely easy about this development.

Quakers have found a way—often an untrodden way—in many areas of individual and social life with the Inner Light as their lantern and the Sermon on the Mount as their guidebook. Within their own circle, as Charles Woodman sometimes frankly admits and sometimes reveals indirectly, they have not always been so sure-footed. Because he rejects the temptation to indulge in uncritical eulogy and frankly deals with the instances in which Friends have stumbled or missed their way as well as those in which they have gloriously found it his book has a special place in the literature devoted to presenting Quakerism to "the world's people."

Frederick B. Tolles is librarian of the Friends Historical Library, Swarthmore College, and author of several books on American Quakers.



FATHER X

conceals the name of a young priest who has written an account of his first five years in the priesthood, **EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER ($2.25).** Having read his lighthearted and all-too-crisp descriptions of the pastor who so heroically put up with him as assistant, and of various parishioners, we don't wonder he prefers to be known simply as Father X. He might be (but isn't) a younger brother of Father Trese, whose **VESSEL OF CLAY ($2.00)** pleases so many people so much—but Father Trese is only occasionally amused; Father X is only occasionally serious. This book appears on Ash Wednesday (Lent is a season of grace, we remind you, not a season of gloom) and so does **ST. PAUL'S GOSPEL ($1.75)** *by Msgr. Ronald Knox.* As usual, Msgr. Knox is at his best on St. Paul, who is, we suspect one of his favorite people. The point of the book is, if we had no Gospels, how much should we know about Our Lord from St. Paul's writings?

On February 14th comes **FOR GOODNESS' SAKE** *by William Lawson, S.J.* **($2.25).** The author once asked a class of students if they had noticed how attractive goodness is, and was rather thrown when they all said "no." After reading his book we quite agreed, rather to our surprise, that the answer ought to have been "yes."

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If you would like to know more about these books and the fifteen others we are publishing this Spring, write to Elizabeth MacGill for Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. It comes free and postpaid.

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For Peace of Mind

FAITH IS THE ANSWER. By Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton, M.D. New York: Prentice-Hall. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

By Algernon D. Black

THIS book reenforces the increasingly current view that religion and psychiatry instead of being mutually antagonistic have a joint responsibility and must work together to help human beings to healthier and happier living. It is evident from the many references to experience with actual cases that Dr. Peale, the minister, and Dr. Blanton, the psychiatrist, have cooperated on the problems of individuals and families and have drawn upon one another for insight and wisdom in developing a philosophy of life and a method of operating. The reader cannot but be moved by the written oratory in some of Dr. Peale's chapters which indicate an energy and enthusiasm and a resonance of faith born of a long life of effective dedication. And the reader will be helped in personal ways by the practical "understandings" which are so simply and clearly stated by Dr. Blanton.

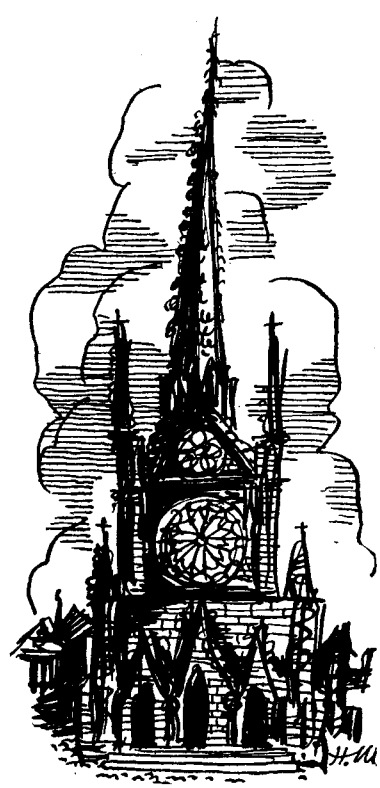
But beyond these positive elements the critical reader will note that the book presents the cases or human situations in such fragmentary aspects that the analysis of any one case necessarily appears superficial. Indeed, the seeming oversimplification of some of the cases is bound to be misleading when accepted by those who are uninitiated in the elements of psychiatry.

The viewpoint of the book offers strength and at the same time fails the thoughful reader in certain particulars. It would appear from the emphasis of the book that both writers are preoccupied with the personal problems of individuals who are in difficulty, frustrated, bereaved, or torn by inner conflict and that the test of the adequacy of faith is whether or not it brings peace of mind. Now it should be noted that there are many kinds of faith. Any faith which involves the individual with something beyond the immediate present, which transcends the difficulty, which holds out hope of something better may be considered helpful—whether it actually changes the objective situation or not.

There are many faiths which perform these functions. They are to be found not only in the great religions of the world as well as among the most primitive of faiths, but also among faiths which are not conventionally called religious—for example, where individuals find solace and a meaningful, hopeful purpose in art or science or social reform or non-theological humanism. This reader feels impelled to point this out because the enthusiasm of the authors might lead people to think that they would hold that only Christianity and only the Protestant version can offer the strength and peace of mind which they so much prize.

But the test of faith is not merely whether an individual survives and achieves peace of mind—it is also on what terms he survives and achieves peace of mind. The popularity of Joshua Liebman's "Peace of Mind" and other such books by prominent clergymen and psychologists indicates the desperate hunger for help and the ready market for easy panaceas. But the troubles of man's inner life—mental, emotional, spiritual — go deeper than anything a minister or psychiatrist can fathom. The flow of sickness out of the tangled relationships of men and the dislocation of men's institutions will require more healing than can come through the medicine of personal faith. The faith which can become "the answer" must recognize the great diversity of human faiths. It must help men face their responsibilities, not turn away from them in some "personal salvation." For peace of mind cannot be won by turning away from the implications of the principles of brotherhood and from the urgent need for social reconstruction.

Algernon D. Black is executive leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture.



The Science of Choice

LIFT UP YOUR HEART. By Fulton J. Sheen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 308 *pp.* $3.

By Riley Hughes

MIDWAY in his book Monsignor Sheen recounts an incident from the life of Charles Foucauld, the desert solitary and "one of the saintly men of our times." Foucauld, grandson of Renan and in his earlier years a dedicated disbeliever, once knocked at the door of a confessional and said to the priest within; "Come out, I want to talk to you about a problem." But the priest answered, "No, come in; I want to talk to you about your sins." "Problems" and their psychological investigation, the author would persuade us, "rarely demand moral amendment; they permit us to remain mere interested spectators of our own reality." The woman came to the well, to use an instance from Scripture to which the author more than once refers, with what she thought of as a problem; Christ convinced her of her sins, and she left calling him Saviour. In this book, following the example of Christ and Foucauld's priest, the author asks of the reader that he "come in."

In his demonstration that religion is a matter of decision rather than discussion, the science of choice, so to speak, Fulton Sheen distinguishes three possible levels of willed existence. These he calls the ego-level, the I-level, and the Divine-level. His argument is concerned with the "false peace," in its flights and rationalizations, in its hell beginning now, of the first; of the real yet incomplete personality of the second; and of the fullness of the third. In his development from the first to the second level a man "finds that his I, or real self, is vaster than he guessed—it is an open window looking out on God and his fellow man and the whole, rich cosmos." But the most fitting center is the Divine Thou, for "we must be satellites, serving some center, but we may choose our sun."

The strong center of this book, one which makes the title especially apposite, is its thoroughgoing analysis of the good. "God is Truth and Goodness," the author writes, and there "is no wrath in God; what looks to us like wrath is only the projection of our own inner sense of guilt unto our God." Goodness is not passivity, for "character does not depend upon a want of energy to do wrong; it requires the use of great energy in doing right when wrong solicits us." Hence the seeming paradox of "potential devils," persons of strong char-

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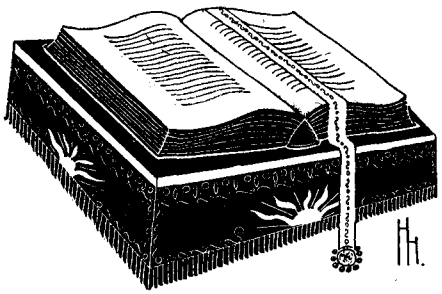

acter who could have been wicked had they not cooperated with God's Grace, in monasteries and convents, and "potential saints" in our penitentiaries.

Because of the author's prominence as a Christian apologist those passages of the book which touch upon the relationship of the modern apostolate with the modern mind are of the greatest interest. In his "Philosophy of Religion" Monsignor Sheen has noted that man today "is not the dignified man of the Renaissance who still breathed the atmosphere of Christianity, but rather a Man isolated from himself and the community and from God." Yet, as he states in this present book, the very fact of our condition of chaos, which often causes the classical appeal to reason to be unsuccessful, is an invitation to sacrifice. "There is a far greater readiness for sacrifice on the part of the modern mind than some members of Christ's Mystical Body perceive." With Peguy the modern mind is ready to "learn how to unlearn."

This is an "inspirational book" which goes beneath and beyond our present concerns—the atom bomb is mentioned just once in passing — to speak of "the sanctification of the moment, the Now." And it addresses itself to all men of good will with a light and joyous burden of good news.

Riley Hughes, a member of the faculty of Georgetown University, has contributed to Commonweal *and other Catholic publications.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Polonious, in "Hamlet," by Shakespeare. 2. Sydney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens. 3. Paul Revere, in "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow. 4. "Horatius," by Thomas Macaulay. 5. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare. 6. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder," by Conan Doyle. 7. Humpty Dumpty, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 8. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert. 9. "Barbara Frietchie," by John Greenleaf Whittier. 10. Jacques, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare. 11. Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens. 12. "Rip Van Winkle," as played by Joseph Jefferson.

The Priest & the Pagans

MIRACLE IN BRITTANY. By Mildred Jordan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 242 pp. $2.75.

By ANN F. WOLFE

NO MATTER how Father Morvan tried to win over his parishoners they treated him with hostile aloofness. These tall, taciturn Bretons, the "foreigner" from Paris found, were "pagans to the core, with rosaries in their hands." Proud separatists, a nation within a nation, they spoke the Welsh-like tongue of their Celtic ancestors, not the new curé's alien French. Merlin and the Forest of Broceliande dimly survived in their legends. Their ballad singers were bardic stragglers from a remote Arthurian lineage.

How was a modern priest, a man of this France and this era, to get through to strangers whose lives looked backward into time and outward with the tide? Their Catholicism was little more than a gilt-and-plaster surface that barely covered the superstitious worship of parochial saints and the primeval druidism of the region. Dwelling near Carnac and the Atlantic coast they feared the haunted Stones—the historic menhir rows of Carnac—and lived in spiritual and economic bondage to the ocean and its shrouding mists. The youngest and strongest of the fishermen were lured to death by sea sirens, leaving behind only the women and a few men drinking themselves into early graves.

Three months of Father Morvan's lonely pastorate had passed and Christmas was approaching, when The Star appeared in Brittany's skies. Father Morvan knew the long-tailed brightness for what it was—a nova. To the villagers however The Star was a portent of catastrophe. It threw them into a state of panic and drove them farther away from their curé and into the clutches of evil old Mônik, the religious charlatan.

Job Savot, the village sabotier, knew what The Star was and had no fear of it. The villagers hated the secretive maker of sabots the more for that. Job, like Father Morvan, was a "foreigner." Nearly five years earlier he had come from Finisterre, an exile with bitter memories and murder in his heart. He lived only to strangle the lover who had taken away his ethereal young wife.

As the Bretons prepared for their picturesque Christmas their tension took a new turn. The Star could only mean that the Brittany hamlet was to be a new Bethlehem, that the villagers must prepare for the coming of the

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Saviour. And a pallid, bearded stranger did mysteriously appear among them. Their religious frenzy was baffled when the visitor sought sanctuary with Job. The sabotier learned from his strange guest a truth that banished hate from his heart. And whether the guest was the Saviour or not, he left his blessing on the village. Thanks to Job's spiritual heroism the people, given faith, drew close to Father Morvan. As to the drama of the miracle the reader will have to decide for himself.

He has no choice at all however about succumbing to the other-worldly spell of the Bretons' sea and the somber beauty of the Carnac moor. The fog will envelop him in Celtic unreality, surrounding him with disembodied voices and steeping him in sympathy for Cymry supernaturalness. He will understand why korrigans and nains haunt the gray-green expanse of the heath. "Miracle in Brittany" is a triumph of Brontëesque evocation.

By the same token Genovéfa, Zacherie, Marie-Ange, and the rest of Father Morvan's flock gradually take on stature as human beings. True, Job is magnificent and Father Morvan a most appealing shepherd of a recalcitrant flock. But after all, these two are "foreigners." Mildred Jordan has the art to persuade the reader that it is the Breton flock that matters. In this latest and most charming of her novels she has written a new "Christmas Carol" with all the old sense of Christmas wonder. For any time of the year this is a story that reaches the heart.

Everyone Knew Jesus

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS. By Paul Fox. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 213 pp. $2.75.

By Bradford Smith

WHEN my son was very small I used to tell him stories about Mickey Mouse, Peter Monkey, and a rabbit whose name I have forgotten. As the first Christmas of his story-listening age approached I decided to vary the fare with an account of the birth of Jesus. When I had finished he seemed to think deeply for a moment, then said, "Now tell me a story about Jesus and Mickey."

The novelist who sets out to write a book based on the New Testament puts himself in just that predicament. As a rule he surrounds a plain gospel incident with characters and scenes intended to enliven, interpret, or explain it. He builds up to the great moment—when the principal character meets Jesus. He then involves his people in events leading up to the Crucifixion.

Mr. Fox gives us two such characters, the daughter of Jairus whom Jesus brought to life and Judas Iscariot (Ish Kerioth—the man from Kerioth). They are made to have little connection with each other except through Jesus; presumably Mr. Fox brought them both in for their contrasting attitudes toward Him. Since these attitudes are never (or not until too late) brought into dramatic conflict through action the intent fails. As for Judas, Mr. Fox makes his most interesting point when he says that there was no need for anyone to point out Jesus. Everyone knew him. What the high priests wanted to accomplish through Judas was to destroy Jesus's following by betrayal from within.

Yet this whole matter of the betrayal and the end of Jesus is handled in a flashback, as if Mr. Fox were afraid to face it directly. This avoidance of drama is the book's major fault. We get pageant instead of plot. The trip of Jairus and his family to Tiberias, the marriage of a daughter, the Passover—these things are described as if transcribed from a notebook, and not drawn in by dramatic necessity. Mr. Fox relies too much on explaining his people instead of letting them explain themselves through dialogue and action, of which there is little. His backgrounds of the age of Jesus are scrupulous, well-researched, but unexciting, having by now been done so often.

But for the failure of the New Testament novel as a genre Mr. Fox is not responsible. The flaw is in the genre itself. The high point of books like the present one is always the meeting with Jesus. But we know that people must succumb to his influence, so there is no suspense. Furthermore, we have in our own minds an ideal of the personality of Jesus. But what we get in most novels about him is a man of sighs and silences, of enigmatic glances or evasions—a person so far short of what we expect that we cannot accept as plausible his influence upon the characters brought before our eyes.

Mr. Fox is a Quaker. I have often wondered why religious novelists continue to attempt the impossible by rewriting the New Testament when in the origin and growth of the Protestant sects there is a wealth of dramatic material waiting to be used. (See George Bishop's "New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord" for example, a seventeenth-century account of Quaker persecutions.) Little known to the public, such material would be free of the difficulties illustrated in the present sincere but undramatic tale.

Survival

LeRoy Smith, Jr.

BECAUSE the God we worship is ourselves, as pitiless
As conscience and self-righteously sadistic as the blood,
A sort of swelled-up, fire-eyed Adam charged with hell and lurking,
The patient murderer, behind a screen of galaxies,

We dread the threat of immortality as death beyond
The promised death: we say that Christ is God, and wish he were;
But heaven's our ghost of hope, our shadow poetry, and hell
The certainty that makes our guttering sun so savage-dear.

Survive, we cry, survive: these thousand years you speak of—what
Are they to us? the soul may live to die again; the flesh
May live this meager once, this only: we are flesh, not soul:
Survive, though it should cost you every tree and every dream.

Is this survival, then, this shotgun marriage with our fears?
This devolution of our kind, this crawling towards the slime
We rose from, this? Come, let us find a God beyond the race
Of guilty days: come, let us dig up Christ, lest we survive.

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Religious Book Notes

ROAD WITHOUT TURNING. By James H. Robinson. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.00. We have had many books about Negroes and not a few autobiographies of Negroes. Of the latter group this life story of the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Harlem is one of the best. It is as graphic and as gripping as "Native Son," without the sordidness and unrelieved bitterness that characterized Wright's book.

With no pretense at literary style this quiet-spoken Negro minister tells his story as if he were sitting with you of an evening in front of the fire. He takes us back to his childhood in the poorest and most sordid bottoms of Knoxville and tells of the poverty and hunger that he knew among the Negroes furthest down, of their silent hatred of the whites who despised them, of their gangs and their battles and escapades. He takes us North with him to the slums of Cleveland and Youngstown, which had appeared at a distance like the promised land but offered to a sensitive Negro rebuffs, restrictions, and discriminations that rankle the soul. His struggle for an education at Lincoln University and Union Seminary left more marks upon his soul. As a student pastor in the deep South he was nearly lynched because "he didn't know his place." As a student in a liberal and Christian seminary he experienced condescension and toleration more often than brotherhood. As a pastor in Harlem he not only built up a large and successful church from scratch, added a parish house and a summer camp, but he has fought delinquency vigorously but wisely, combated discrimination in hospitals and colleges, and placed himself in the forefront of every movement for the betterment of his community.

Jim Robinson has come through all this with a recognition that he has on his side in his battle for justice not only awakened Negroes but also an ever increasing number of enlightened white people.

White readers will squirm under this book. But they will put it down with thankfulness that such a man has traveled so far and so valiantly and in such a Christian spirit in the road without turning.

MADAME DE CHANTAL. By H. J. Heagney. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.50. Most lives of saints are such unadulterated paeans of praise that one puts the book down wondering if it is possible that such a person ever lived. They are just too good to be true.

This life of St. Jeanne Frances de Chantal is exceptional. For Madame de Chantal is exceptional, and she is pictured as a real person as well as a good one. The author has given us a vivid picture of life among the French aristocracy in the early 17th Century. Madame de Chantal, herself of noble birth, was married to an engaging young Baron, and they lived happily together for several years on their vast estate. His accidental death while hunting left her a young widow with three children.

At that point the aristocratic way of life gave place to the religious and under the influence of St. Francis de Sales Madame de Chantal entered a convent and eventually became the founder of the Order of Visitation. Hers was an attractive, outgoing personality that graced the social life of the French aristocracy, and to have such a life dedicated to the service of the poor and unfortunate created something of a sensation in aristocratic circles. It was as if a Social Registerite became a settlement worker. The influence of this great-hearted woman upon St. Francis de Sales was probably as great as his influence upon her. They made a grand team.

THE MAN JESUS WAS. By Max Schoen. Knopf. $3.00. It is a delight to read a religious book that is not only scholarly but well written and easily read. However, the thesis of the book will not be widely accepted either by the author's fellow Jews or by Christians. Professor Schoen has great reverence for the historical Jesus. To him Jesus was no mere reformer, no mere prophet in the Old Testament sense, no mere teacher, but a God-intoxicated man in whose spirit and in

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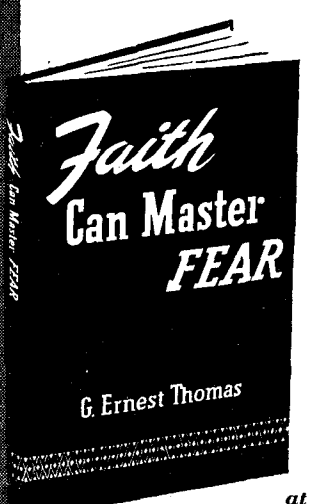
read— ***Faith Can Master FEAR***

G. Ernest Thomas



In these times of stress, people are beset with overwhelming fears—fears of the future, death, failure, sickness, insecurity and many others. Entire chapters are devoted to probing these fears.

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whose religious convictions lie the only basis for the transformation of society. This will not please the orthodox Jew. The author also denies that Jesus came to be the founder of a new religion or to be the Saviour of the world. Christians will not accept that.

But there is a message in this book for both Jew and Christian. For as the author says in his foreword: "The Jew forgets, because of what the Christian has done to him in the name of Jesus, that Jesus was a genius of the spirit; and the Christian ignores, because of what he claims the Jew did to Jesus, that Jesus was a Jew." So the great Galilean is maligned in one camp and distorted in another. He would have Jesus revered and honored and followed by all.

LIVING JOYOUSLY. Edited by Kirby Page. Rinehart. $1.50. This is one of the best of the many books for devotional use that have been published recently. Kirby Page has placed an entire generation in his debt for his books and lectures on international, economic, and social problems. But throughout his long career and with all of his varied interests he has never obscured his fundamental passion for a vital first-hand religious experience.

In this anthology of devotional readings Mr. Page has gathered from his wide reading passages that have meant much to him, to share them with the reading public. There is a brief devotional reading for each day of the year, quoted for the most part from religious leaders of the present generation, although some excerpts from the religious classics are included.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF MAIN STREET. By Theodore P. Wedel. Macmillan. $2.00. Here we have a vigorous and on the whole convincing indictment of the easy-going Christianity of the man in the street. Popular present-day Christianity is described as "Golden Rule Idealism" without theology or dogma. This humanistic interpretation of Christianity makes man, not God, the chief actor in the drama of moral progress. It interprets the Gospel as the hero-story of Jesus, who set before us an example and bade us follow Him.

In contrast the author sets forth "classical Christianity" as the story of God's redemptive with God the chief actor in life's drama. So in his thinking the Crucifixion and the Resurrection rather than the teaching of Jesus are the crucially important elements in the Gospel message.

This is an able exposition of the Niebuhrian position. It summarizes in simple style and telling argument what some theologians have taken long volumes to expound. With his indictment of popular Christianity few except out-and-out humanists will quarrel. That what he calls "classical Christianity" is the only theology which can undergird Christian life is certainly debatable. And one always

questions this subordination of the life and teachings of Christ to the Crucifixion and Resurrection as if it made little difference how he lived and what he said. If you have been unable to comprehend what these high theologians are driving at read this book. You will understand their position even if you do not agree with it.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIETY. By Nels F. S. Ferré. Harper. $3.75. Nels Ferré is rapidly gaining recognition as one of America's leading theologians, and this his third volume dealing with the general subject of "Reason and the Christian Faith" will add considerably to his stature. It is difficult to place Ferré in any given theological "school." He steers his own course, recognizing the values first of this emphasis and then of another and not hesitating to criticize both the liberal and "neo-orthodox" positions at some points.

This reviewer welcomes his attempt to relate "the eternally ultimate and the immediately practical." Too many theologians write as if theology can be spun out in a vacuum, or at least fail to point out the implications of their position for the issues of life. Ferré comes right down to earth with a discusson of how and why individual Christians and the Church should come to grips with such burning issues as war, property, and education.

This is solid reading, which is no objection, but like those of too many theologians his style and phraseology are maddening. One has to go back over some sentences or paragraphs three or four times to discover the meaning. This would not be a bad mental exercise if one were sure at the end of it that he knew the answer.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS. By Ernest Fremont Tittle. Harper. $2.50. *THE LION AND THE LAMB. By Gerald Kennedy. Abingdon-Cokesbury.* $2.50. *A FIRM FAITH FOR TODAY. By Harold E. Boseley. Harper.* $3.00. *START WHERE YOU ARE. By Arnold H. Lowe. Harper.* $2.00. One often wonders who reads published sermons. There must be many such readers, for the publishers turn them out in a steady stream. These four volumes happened to appeal to this reviewer, because they are vivid and fresh presentations of Christian truth in terms of everyday living. The late Dr. Tittle was pastor of the First Methodist Church in Evanston and was a flaming prophet and champion of causes that are unpopular with *The Chicago Tribune* (and therefore apt to be just). Gerald Kennedy is now a Methodist bishop, but he is still essentially a preacher and a great one.

Harold Boseley's book consists of sermons reworked into lectures for ministers' conferences. The faith he proclaims as a liberal will not seem too firm to the neo-orthodox, but it will suffice to undergird many a life.

Dr. Lowe is a Presbyterian, probably more conservative than the others in theology but like them he presses home his message with searching urgency.

Our much discussed neo-orthodox theology has not yet trickled down to the pulpit, judging by published sermons. But its emphasis and particularly its correction of the easy optimism of the preaching of even a decade ago are already apparent.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV: CAPTIVE OF FREEDOM. By Matthew Spinka. Westminster Press. $3.50. The late Nicolas Berdyaev is gaining increasing recognition in this country as a philosopher, theologian, and mystic. So this study of his life and thought is most timely. The author is exceptionally well fitted for this task. As a church historian Professor Spinka is competent to give to Berdyaev his proper place in the development of Christian thought. Having made a special study of the Russian Church and having the Russian language at his command Spinka is in a better position to come to an understanding of the Russian's thought processes than most American scholars.

The book traces the development of Berdyaev's thought from his early Marxist position through its many stages until it blossoms into a full fledged mystical Christian faith. Theo-

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logians and philosophers will be interested in seeing how his contribution to theology places him in the line of thought stemming from Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky and his relationship to existentialism. Others will be more interested in discovering in Berdyaev a Christian philosophy to explain, resist, and overcome Communism. Here is ammunition for the ideological war.

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE. By St. Francis de Sales. Newly translated and edited by John K. Ryan. Harper. $3.00. A new edition of this classic of devotional literature will be welcomed not alone by Catholics but by all who are interested in developing the life of prayer and applying the faith thus gained to the problems of life. For next to the "Imitation of Christ" this is perhaps the most widely read devotional book. St. Francis de Sales was not only a great mystic; he was concerned to put religion to work in the world, in the home, in one's work, and in one's social relationship. Dating from the seventeenth century, many of the passages in this book read as if they had been written by a modern "personal counselor" or "psychotherapist."

The new translation is well done and the publication of this new edition should revive interest in this truly great religious classic.

—K. D. M.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD. By William E. Barrett. Doubleday. $3. The theme of the spiritual ennobling of a worldly man through his accidental investment with unusual responsibilities toward his fellows is a standard one in inspirational fiction. Mr. Barrett has here given it an interesting and dignified reworking in his romance set in modern China. Jim Carmody, ex-Army flier in China, had become the well-paid but virtually captive aide of one of China's despotic war lords. Anxious to escape he is enabled through a happy coincidence to don the robes of a dying Catholic missionary priest. Forced through another coincidence to carry through the duties of the missionary he quickly finds himself entangled in the work of the mission. His innate goodness of spirit makes of him a venerated inspiration to the Chinese peasants his mission serves. And before his disguise is revealed he has not only achieved an almost legendary position among the Chinese, outwitted the wicked war lord, and discovered his love for the mission's nurse, but he has also regained his own Catholic faith.

Mr. Barrett has persuasively depicted the doubts and gropings of an honest man forced by unusual circumstances to revalue his approach to religion and to his fellow man. He has occasionally invoked divine intervention a little too craftily in order to further the development of a somewhat "slick" plot. He has in at least one instance rather vulgarly departed from his generally dignified approach by having God aid the good man in the roll of dice. And he has betrayed an occasional superior attitude toward the Chinese, which does not sit well with his Christian approach. But in general he has ably constructed an inspirational romance which is highly readable and should not offend readers of Catholic or other religious persuasion.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

IN OUR IMAGE: Character Studies from the Old Testament. Selected by Houston Harte. Paintings by Guy Rowe. Oxford University Press. $10. When "In Our Image" was published in 1949 Catholics joined the acclaim for this treasury of illustrated Old Testament stories, according flattery of envy, for the text was taken from the King James and not the Douay translation of the Scriptures. Now they have their own edition—the Douay Version of the Bible narratives, set in all the original beauty of de luxe format and typography and enriched by Guy Rowe's thirty-two magnificent full-page color portraits.

In his preface to the stories Bishop Laurence J. FitzSimon reminds us that the sacred books tell sublimely of man's true dignity and purpose and show "the cosmic sweep of nations toward their supernatural destiny." To that end twenty-six of the immemorial narratives have been chosen, among them the epics of the Creation and the Flood, the stories of Joseph and Moses, the tragedies of Samson and Saul.

It was surely an inspiration in this day of pictorial communication and atom-proof shelters to provide such a refuge for the desperate spirit. You may have your own ideas of what Adam and Balaam and Joshua looked like, but you can have no quarrel with the eyes in Mr. Rowe's character studies. These shine with the inner light of men—simple men for the most part—who walk close to God. This spiritual effulgence, characteristic of Raphael and Michelangelo and the other great artists in the classic tradition, cannot illuminate the blank-eyed pietistic sentimentality that too often passes for religious art today. It is a blessing, especially for the young, that a modern artist has brought it back.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

"How come *this* monastery never gets anything but rejection slips?"

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Religious Bookshelf

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a highly selective but representative checklist of religious books published during 1950 and thus far this year:

The Church, Mid-Century

THE BELIEF IN PROGRESS. By John Baillie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 240 pp. $2.75. One of the ablest living theologians examines an important theme historically and analytically. Although he finds little hope for progress through secularism, he is more hopeful for the potentialities of Christianity.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV: Captive of Freedom. By Matthew Spinka. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 220 pp. $3.50. A study of the thought of a man who revolted against Marxism and developed a philosophy which holds that human personality is the most precious thing in the universe and its most precious possession is freedom. Original and unconventional, Berdyaev's philosophy is fundamentally highly religious.

BEYOND MYTHOLOGY. By Richard W. Boynton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 257 pp. $3. A professor of philosophy at the University of Buffalo decries the organized dogmatism of present-day religion and calls for a worship based on human values.

CHRIST AND THE COMMUNITY. By Gilbert A. Beaver. New York: Association Press. 367 pp. $3. A call to practise the community (Koinonia) of Jesus within the conditions imposed by modern life. The author is a YMCA leader who has been experimenting with these ideas on his New York State farm for more than four decades.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIETY. By Nels F. S. Ferré. New York: Harper & Bros. 280 pp. $3.75. Continuing the examination of Christian doctrines he began in two earlier volumes, "Faith and Reason," and "Evil and the Christian Faith," the author deals with the eternal purpose and historic process of Christianity, as well as the practical problems with which religion is engaged in contemporary society.

A FIRM FAITH FOR TODAY. By Harold A. Bolsey. New York: Harper & Bros. 283 pp. $3. Creed, belief in God and in man, and nine other great themes stated with clarity and insight. The title is a fair summary of the book. The author is a member of the faculty of the Duke Divinity School.

GOD AND THE NATIONS. Edited by Paul A. Poling. New York: Doubleday & Co. 128 pp. $2. A symposium of the present-day struggle for the souls of men and the achievement of world peace by Vera M. Dean, Harry R. Rudin, Pitirim A. Sorokin. Walter W. Van Kirk, and James P. Warburg.

THE GOSPEL AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Alan Richardson. New York: Oxford University Press. 210 pp. $2. This little book is addressed to people who are conscious of the great contemporary importance of the scientific outlook and who desire to know how Christian faith and theology can maintain their truth and strength by scientific standards. The author is Canon of Durham, England.

A GOSPEL FOR THE SOCIAL AWAKENING. Compiled by Benjamin E. Mays. New York: Association Press. 187 pp. $2. Selections from the writings of Walter Rauschenbusch, who has been described as "perhaps the most creative spirit in the American theological world during the present century." There is a biographical introduction by C. Howard Hopkins.

THE HISTORIC FAITH AND A CHANGING WORLD. By W. Norman Pittenger. New York: Oxford University Press. 181 pp. $2.50. A survey of the contemporary American scene and the troubles that beset modern man by a teacher at New York's General Theological Seminary.

IF THIS BE RELIGION—. By Frederick Keller Stamm. New York: The John Day Co. 116 pp. $1.75. Dr. Stamm, who has been a preacher for more than forty years, challenges pastors and laymen to make their churches more than "a country club at prayer" by returning to the teachings of Christ. An extract from this book was published as an article, "The Church vs. Christianity," *SRL*, Sept. 23, 1950.

THE KINGDOM WITHOUT END. By Robert E. Fitch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 137 pp. $2.50. An original and constructive restatement of history which affirms Biblical faith and indicts the current secular idolatries such as pride of intellect and pride of possessions.

THE LION AND THE LAMB. By Gerald Kennedy. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 233 pp. $2.50. The Methodist bishop of the Portland Area examines a score of "paradoxes of the Christian faith" in thoughtful and lively fashion.

THE MIND'S ADVENTURE. By Howard Lowry. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 154 pp. $2.50. The President of the College of Wooster, Ohio, maintains that liberal education without religion is not truly liberal. Secularism has failed, he asserts; the restoration of values in higher education is imperative.

NO POSTPONEMENT. By John LaFarge, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 246 pp. $3. Father LaFarge tells the story of his work in rallying Americans to moral leadership in the problem of racial minorities.

ON THIS ROCK. By G. Bromley Oxnam. New York: Harper & Bros. 117 pp. $1.50. The Bishop of the New York Area of the Methodist Church and one of the presidents of the World Council of Churches makes a plea for a united Christian church that would preserve the values of diversity without sacrificing the unity that lies in belief in Christ.

THE PENDLE HILL READER. Edited by Herrymon Maurer. New York: Harper & Bros. 208 pp. $2.75. An anthology of devotional writing, personal testimony, and interpretations of life and faith, by eight distinguished writers who have been interested in Pendle Hill, Quaker religious community. Arnold J. Toynbee, Rufus Jones, and Elton Trueblood are included.

PSYCHOTHERAPY AND THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF MAN. By David E. Roberts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 161 pp. $3. An attempt to bridge the theologic and psychotherapeutic approach to the nature of man.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGION. By Erich Fromm. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 118 pp. $2.50. Reviewed in this issue.

Aids in Everyday Living

THE CATHOLIC BOOK OF MARRIAGE. By Rev. Philip C. Kelly, C.S.C. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The Roman Catholic marriage ceremony and counsels for success and happiness in married life. Available in blue or white binding. To be published Feb. 23.

THE CLUE TO CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. By Randolph Crump Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75. The author, who believes that theology ought to be taught to children, outlines a way that it can be done in vigorous style. He emphasizes the central convictions of the Christian faith as the basis for any such education.

FAITH CAN MASTER FEAR. By G. Ernest Thomas. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 160 pp. $2. A Nashville Methodist pastor describes sixteen frequent types of fear and, using the Christian gospel as a basis, suggests ways in which they may be banished.

FITTING GOD INTO THE PICTURE. By Mary Lewis Coakley. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 223 pp. $2.50. Mrs. Coakley, a Roman Catholic housewife, offers a practical plan for women, married and single, to achieve satisfaction and self-fulfillment in their daily lives by "falling in love with Christ."

INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE. By St. Francis de Sales. Translated and edited by John K. Ryan. New York: Harper & Bros. 256 pp. $3. A new translation of the three-and-a-half-century old French classic appropriate for all who would be guided by the spiritual life while remaining in active society.

LIFT UP YOUR HEART. By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 308 pp. $3. A guide to the solution of the problems created by the tensions and complexities of present-day life.

LIVING JOYOUSLY. By Kirby Page. New York: Rinehart & Co. 380 pp. $1.50. An anthology of devotional readings, one for each day of the year. Dr. Page's theme is that man is happy when he is rightly related to God and to the people with whom he lives and works. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Albert Schweitzer, Carl G. Jung are among those whose works have been drawn upon.

LIVING YOUR FAITH. By Robert Nash, S.J. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3. Everyday help on personal problems by one of Ireland's best-known Catholic writers. To be published March 2.

SPIRITUAL DIARY. Compiled and edited by Bennie Caroline Hall. New York: Austin-Phelps. $2.75. A day-to-day inspirational guide, the pages of which have been prepared by more than 300 contemporary ministers and religious leaders. The foreword is by Daniel A. Poling. To be published March 19.

Personal Testimony

CERTAINLY, I'M A CATHOLIC. By Thomas McDermott. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 154 pp. $2.50. This layman declares that Roman Catholicism is "the only acceptable way of life for a reasonable man." He indicates how Catholicism has the answers to all the problems Americans are facing today.

MIRACLE AT CARVILLE. By Betty Martin. Edited by Evelyn Wells. New York: Doubleday & Co. 302 pp. $3. The story of Betty and Harry Martin, both of whom found themselves victims of leprosy. Their faith sustained them while they found love and the ultimate restoration of their health.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE. By Karl Stern. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 310 pp. $3.50. The autobiographical account of a psychiatrist's conversion from Judaism to Catholicism. To be published Feb. 23.

THE VOYAGE TO LOURDES. By Alexis Carrel. Translated by Virgilia Peterson. New York: Harper & Bros. 52 pp. $1. The record by a great scientist of his visit to the Grotto at Lourdes one warm summer afternoon. What occurred there he believed to be the most profound spiritual experience of his life. The preface by Charles A. Lindbergh.

WHERE I FOUND CHRIST. Edited by John A. O'Brien. New York: Doubleday & Co. 271 pp. $2.50. Thomas Merton, Dorothy Day, Avery Dulles, and eleven other noted men and women give the intimate stories of how they found Christ through the Roman Catholic Church.

Sermons & Prayers

THE CHRISTIANITY OF MAIN STREET. By Theodore O. Wedel. New York: The Macmillan Co. 112 pp. $1.75. The Canon of Washington Cathedral contrasts the prevalent humanist theology—the Christianity of Main Street—with the traditional Christian faith based on the Bible and the creeds and concludes that men are gradually growing away from the faith of their fathers. He calls for a restoration of our ancestral faith.

MEDITATIONS. By Toyohiko Kagawa. Translated by Jiro Takenaka. New York: Harper & Bros. 101 pp. $1.25. One hundred and one short meditations on passages from the New Testament offering insight and inspiration. The author is regarded as the leading Japanese Christian.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS. By Ernest Fremont Tittle. New York: Harper & Bros. 179 pp. $2.50. Twenty sermons by the late Evanston, Illinois, Methodist pastor. The message of Jesus, the problem of freedom, and ways of life are among the topics discussed. There is an excellent biographical sketch of Dr. Tittle by Paul Hutchinson, editor of *The Christian Century*.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS. By Charles Francis Whiston. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 152 pp. $2. This book is a combination of a critical study of the Gospel with devotional readings. The author has undertaken to help those who "would see Jesus" with mind and heart to achieve their goal through studies based mainly on the Gospel of Mark.

SAINT JOSEPH DAILY MISSAL. By Rev. Hugo H. Hoover, S.O. New York: Catholic Book Publishing Co. In various editions and bindings, $3.75 to $15. A new, complete daily missal which will enable every Roman Catholic to "pray the Mass" with the priest with pleasure and understanding. The type is large, the arrangement of material simplified and attractive.

SO WE BELIEVE, SO WE PRAY. By George A. Buttrick. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 256 pp. $2.75. The pastor of a New York City Presbyterian Church inquires into the Christian faith in God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the forgiveness of sin, and eternal life. The second half of the book examines the phrases of the Lord's Prayer analytically and inspirationally.

TALKS WITH GABRIEL. By Arjen Miedema. Translated by Henry Zylstra. Grand Rapids, Mich.: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. 253 pp. $3. A tract on man's longing for the New Earth, presented in fictional form. Translated from the Dutch.

THROUGH CHRIST OUR LORD. By Georgia Harkness. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 147 pp. $1.25. A manual for daily prayer and meditation for use over a five-month period. The compiler, Professor of Applied Theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute, has drawn on Jesus's most memorable words for her texts.

History & Sources

ABOUT THE GOSPELS. By C. H. Dodd. New York: Cambridge University Press. 45 pp. $1. A distinguished New Testament scholar explains succinctly and lucidly how the Gospels came to be written and how their message may be understood.

THE GOSPEL IN HYMNS. By Albert Edward Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 600 pp. $6. An interpretative history of more than three hundred great hymns. There are vivid portraits of the writers and their times.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Translated by Monsignor Ronald Knox. New York: Sheed & Ward. 3 vols. $15. This newest translation of the Holy Bible has become a favorite with many Roman

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Catholic readers. Reviewed in *SRL*, Feb. 18 1950.

JESUS IN HIS OWN WORDS. Compiled by Harold Roper, S.J. Westminster, Md.: The Newman Press. 314 pp. $3.25. This book undertakes to reproduce without repetition the whole of Christ's teachings. The text used is the Westminster Version of the New Testament. The commentary offers a simple, lucid explanation based on the work of modern scholars.

THE MARY BOOK. Assembled by F. J. Sheed. New York: Sheed & Ward. 411 pp. $4. Selections from the work of thirty-seven writers which tell the life of Our Lady, her effect on history, and the dogmas about her, including the newly defined dogma of Assumption.

THE MEANING OF FATIMA. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 183 pp. $2.50. A full critical treatment of the Apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima, Portugal, in 1917. The Catholic Church's attitude toward private revelations is reviewed and the conditions of the apparition described thoroughly.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW. By Hanns Lilje. Philadelphia: The Muhlenberg Press. 128 pp. $1.25. The Protestant Bishop of Hannover tells of life in a German prison during World War II. A moving and revealing document on German resistance to Nazism.

Biography

ANGELIC SHEPHERD: The Life of Pope Pius XII. By the Most Reverend Jan Olav Smit. Adapted into English by Reverend James H. Vanderveldt, O.F.M. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 326 pp. $4.50. The boyhood of Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, his seminary days, coronation, teachings, relief work, social reforms, and favorite relaxations, described by a lifelong friend.

MADAME DE CHANTAL. By H. J. Heagney. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 285 pp. $3.50. A vivid, colorful, and completely human biography of Jeanne Frances de Chantal, the French woman who raised a family, operated a large estate, and later collaborated with Saint Francis de Sales in the work that led to her sainthood.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann. $3.50. A new life of Jesus by the author of "Green Dolphin Street." To be published March 19.

THE GREAT MANTLE: The Life of Giuseppe Melchiore Sarto, Pope Pius X. By Katherine Burton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 238 pp. $3. The story of the cobbler's son who became a country curate and ultimately a great Pope. This personal portrait emphasizes his love for music, for little children, and for the poor.

HERE I STAND: A Life of Martin Luther. By Roland Bainton. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 422 pp. $4.75. An excellent new biography of the German religious leader.

JESUS CHRIST: His Life, His Teaching, and His Work. By Rev. Ferdinand Prat, S.J. Translated by Rev. John J. Heenan, S.J. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. 2 vols., 1152 pp. $12. A vivid narrative and a beautifully translated commentary on the Gospels by one of the world's greatest exegetes.

RUFUS JONES. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. A biography of the American Quaker leader. To be published March 9.

A LIFE OF JESUS. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $3. The greatest living American New Testament scholar has written what many consider the best life of Christ. Reviewed in *SRL*, Dec. 23, 1950.

THE MAN JESUS WAS. By Max Schoen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 271 pp. $3. A revaluation of the life and meaning of Jesus by a Jewish scholar. Dr. Schoen emphasizes that Jesus lived and died a Jew and uses that frame of reference in his interpretation.

THE MESSAGE OF THERESE OF LISIEUX. By M. M. Philipon, O.P. Translated by E. J. Ross. Westminster, Md.: The Newman Press. 121 pp. $2. The life and spiritual doctrine of St. Therese of Lisieux written by an eminent French theologian and hagiographer.

EUGENIO PACELLI: Pope of Peace. By Oscar Halecki. New York: Creative Age Press. $3.50. A new biography of the present Pope by a Professor of History at Fordham. To be published March 16.

PATTERN DIVINE: Our Lord's Hidden Life. By Patrick J. Temple, S.T.D. New York: B. Herder Book Co. 389 pp. $5. A popularly presented running commentary on the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke. These meager gospel records are elucidated by historical, theological, archeological, and ascetic sources.

ROAD WITHOUT TURNING: The Story of the Rev. James H. Robinson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 312 pp. $3. The autobiography of a young Negro's struggle to rise from a Knoxville slum to his present position as pastor of a leading Harlem Methodist church and a leader in American racial relations.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Omer Englebert. Edited and translated by Edward Hutton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 353 pp. $4. A biography of the poet and teacher of whom it has been said that "after Jesus he was the most perfect Christian." The incorporation of material based on new literary discoveries makes it the most valuable life of St. Francis published in this century. Illustrated with seventeen reproductions of early Italian paintings.

SAINTS WITHOUT HALOS. By Alvin E. Magary. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 176 pp. $2. Vivid and colorful biographical sketches of two hundred early members of the Church, Christians who are in danger of being remembered only as names in the New Testament.

SO SURE OF LIFE. By Violet Wood. New York: Friendship Press. 185 pp. $2.50. The inspiring story of the work of doctor-missionary Dr. Robert F. Thomas at Pittman Center in the Tennessee mountains.

SUCH LOVE IS SELDOM. By Anne Cawley Boardman. New York: Harper & Bros. 236 pp. $3. A biography of Mother Mary Walsh.

THESE SOUGHT A COUNTRY. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Bros. 156 pp. $1.75. Brief biographical sketches of five pioneer missionaries. Reviewed in *SRL*, Oct. 21, 1950.

Of & For the Ministry

EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER. By Father X. New York: Sheed & Ward. 180 pp. $2.25. The autobiographical account of the first five years of priesthood by a young pastor, told with verve and good humor.

ROMAN COLLAR. By Edward Roberts Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co. 251 pp. $3. Monsignor Moore describes the daily life of a parish priest in absorbing fashion.

SAGEBRUSH CIRCUIT. By Kendrick Strong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 194 pp. $2.50. An autobiographical fragment by a young Yale Divinity School student who took over a Western missionary parish. Reviewed in *SRL*, Oct. 7, 1950.

THE VATICAN AND ITS ROLE IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By Charles Pichon. Translated by Jean Misrahi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 382 pp. $4.50. The story of the Vatican's relation with world affairs from Saint Peter to Pope Pius XII. The Church's position on social questions and its attitudes on temporal as well as spiritual matters in its dealings with outside states and governments is detailed.

VESSEL OF CLAY. By Leo Trese. New York: Sheed & Ward. 115 pp. $2. Father Trese's own story: an hour-by-hour account of a typical day in the life of a typical parish priest.

Especially for Lent

IN OUR IMAGE. By Houston Harte and Guy Rowe. New York: Oxford University Press. 205 pp. $10. The Roman Catholic edition of a work reviewed in its original edition in *SRL*, Nov. 5, 1949. The thirty-two heroic full-page, full-color portraits by Guy Rowe illustrating the stories in vivid, startlingly realistic form are unchanged, but for this edition the text of the twenty-six Old Testament stories is taken from the Douay version of the Bible. There is a foreword by Kent Cooper and a preface by the Bishop of Amarillo.

A PICTORIAL GOSPEL. Compiled by Eliot Hodgkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 212 pp. $3.50. The life of Christ as revealed in passages from the New Testament. Illustrated by 117 black-and-white photographs of paintings by the Old Masters.

More Informal

THE COMMON MAN. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Sheed & Ward. 279 pp. $3. A collection of essays on a variety of subjects by the distinguished English Catholic layman and litterateur. The topics are serious, but the handling deftly light. None have been previously published.

THE GREATEST BIBLE STORIES. Edited by Anne Fremantle. New York: Stephen Daye Press. $3.50. Nineteen stories with New Testament themes by distinguished Catholic writers, including Paul Claudel, Ronald Knox, Riccardo Bacchelli, and others.

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO. By Giovanni Guareschi. Translated by Una Vincenzo Troubridge. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 205 pp. $2.75. A series of sketches detailing the amusing adventures of Don Camillo, a small parish priest in Italy, and his rival, Mayor Peppone, leader of the local leftists. Reviewed in *SRL*, Aug. 19, 1950.

LONG'S BIBLE QUIZ. By J. C. Long. New York: George W. Stewart. 103 pp. $1.25. The second and latest volume in a series of compilations of quizzes based on the Bible.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKS

VEIT VALENTIN: WELTGESCHICHTE, 2 volumes, 543/779 pages. Amsterdam 1939, halfcloth, $12. Geschichte der Deutschen, 2 volumes, 395/372 pages, Berlin 1947, halfcloth, $7.50. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller & Importer. 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hooked; curved inward.	128 180 136 167 171 34 147 91
B. Second word in title of book by Whitman (word N is the first word).	64 72 21 51 132 164
C. The copperhead (2 wds.; local U.S.).	82 105 70 57 130 30 174 7
D. A pretender to inspiration.	113 94 155 33 170 26 103
E. Of a stone, roughly dressed as with a hammer.	68 4 181 152
F. An enzyme (biochem.).	157 55 118
G. Even so (Anglo-Irish).	156 97 110 37 135
H. An unscrupulous villain.	41 150 95 134 47 165 84 5 62
I. A chasm, opening, or passage-way.	20 44 1 54
J. The digestive tract (anat. and zool.).	133 14 36 8 179 2 75
K. Properly applying to the case in hand.	16 106 119 144 177 31 85 46
L. Trim; tidy; orderly.	149 173 108 158 61 169 17 83 116
M. To perform divine service, as the Mass or the Communion.	87 117 35 125 99 52 161 11 138
N. First word in title by Whitman (see word B).	129 28 79 69 121 115 13 160

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A large, very shallow, baking tin, esp. for cookies (cooking).	67 56 80 74 27
P. The greatest of Greek sculptors (5th cent. B.C.).	146 104 166 39 163 122 143
Q. Noted travel book of the East by Kinglake, 1844.	78 101 131 93 59 126
R. Everything counted (2 wds.).	89 120 18 114 151 109 127
S. Member of the most intelligent and powerful Bantu race of S. Africa.	124 90 140 153 42 25
T. Entirely (Latin phrase; 2 wds.).	142 123 111 10 184 53
U. Unusual; strange.	175 96 107 48 65
V. American dentist and inventor of dental objects, who made the artificial set for George Washington (1760-1819).	12 154 178 100 9 168 40 81 23
W. Taking everything into account (comp.).	29 58 60 88 159 183 19
X. American classical scholar; president of Harvard 1860-62 (1807-62).	102 38 32 92 139 22
Y. A jumble or to jumble.	3 50 77 112 73 6 137 141
Z. American painter (Cleveland, Carnegie, Mark Twain, Maude Adams, etc.; 1856-1915).	76 49 176 145 63 43 86 24 98
Z¹. Official capital of Indian Union, Asia.	45 182 71 162 15 148 172 66

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 I	2 J	3 Y	4 E	5 H	■	6 Y	7 C	8 J	■
9 V	10 T	11 M	■	12 V	13 N	14 J	15 Z¹	16 K	17 L	18 R	19 W	20 I	■	21 B	22 X	23 V
24 Z	25 S	26 D	27 O	28 N	29 W	30 C	■	31 K	32 X	33 D	■	34 A	35 M	■	36 J	37 G
38 X	■	39 P	40 V	41 H	42 S	43 Z	44 I	45 Z¹	46 K	■	47 H	48 U	49 Z	50 Y	51 B	52 M
53 T	54 I	55 F	■	56 O	57 C	58 W	59 Q	■	60 W	61 L	62 H	63 Z	64 B	65 U	66 Z¹	67 O
68 E	69 N	70 C	■	71 Z¹	72 B	73 Y	74 O	75 J	■	76 Z	77 Y	■	78 Q	79 N	80 O	■
81 V	82 C	■	83 L	84 H	85 K	86 Z	87 M	88 W	89 R	■	90 S	91 A	■	92 X	93 Q	94 D
■	95 H	96 U	97 G	98 Z	99 M	100 V	■	101 Q	102 X	■	103 D	104 P	105 C	■	106 K	107 U
108 L	109 R	110 G	■	111 T	112 Y	113 D	114 R	■	115 N	116 L	117 M	118 F	119 K	120 R	■	121 N
122 P	123 T	124 S	125 M	126 Q	127 R	■	128 A	129 N	130 C	■	131 Q	132 B	133 J	■	134 H	135 G
136 A	137 Y	138 M	■	139 X	140 S	■	141 Y	142 T	143 P	■	144 K	145 Z	146 P	147 A	148 Z¹	149 L
150 H	151 R	152 E	■	153 S	154 V	155 D	156 G	■	157 F	■	158 L	159 W	160 N	161 M	162 Z¹	163 P
164 B	165 H	■	166 P	167 A	■	168 V	169 L	170 D	171 A	172 Z¹	■	173 L	174 C	■	175 U	176 Z
177 K	178 V	179 J	■	180 A	181 E	182 Z¹	183 W	184 T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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